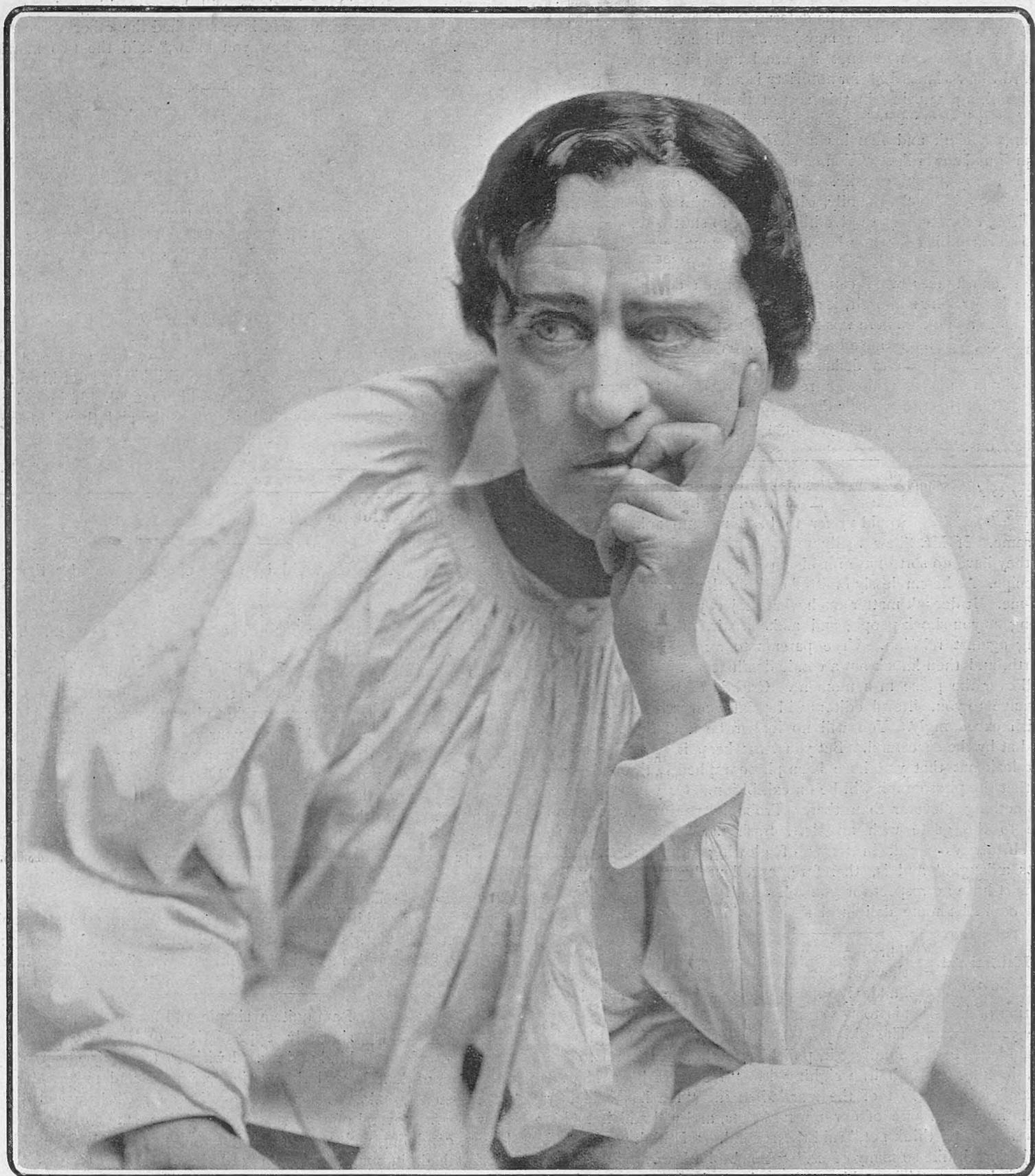


The Sketch

No. 780.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



MR. TREE AS JOHN JASPER IN "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Mr. Tree made a great personal success on Saturday last as John Jasper in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Mr. Comyns Carr has finished the Dickens story in a manner that is ingenious. John Jasper does not murder Drood, but, dreaming under the influence of opium, believes that he has done so, and suffers all the agony of fear. His supposed crime so preys upon his mind that he actually confesses it; and in the end he dies in a room in the infirmary at the county gaol, a reformed character, with a blessing for Edwin and Rosa.

Photograph by F. W. Burford.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“*Chicot*”).



Keeping It Up— Art of.

London.
If a man is determined to be silly, it is obvious that he may just as well be very silly. But he need not be cruel and rude as well. Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest bid for notoriety is an article jeering at clerks. I find nothing amusing in this sort of thing, but I do find a good deal that strikes me as being offensive and in bad taste. A man who becomes a clerk and remains a clerk, according to Mr. Shaw, is sheepish and cowardly. “You can make an Imperial Englishman a clerk,” he says, “quite easily. All you have to do is to drop him into a poor middle-class family, with a father who cannot afford to keep him, cannot afford to give him capital to start with, and cannot afford to carry his education beyond the elementary stage, but who would yet be disgraced if his son became ‘a working man.’ Given these circumstances, what can the poor wretch do but become a clerk?” Mr. Shaw himself, it seems, was once a clerk, but he did not remain a clerk. There was nothing sheepish and cowardly about Mr. Shaw. “I should have been still there,” he says loftily, “if I had not broken loose in defiance of all prudence, and become a professional man of genius—a resource not open to every clerk.” As a matter of fact, Mr. Shaw discovered that he could easily make a name by saying, very loudly, things that everybody knew to be preposterous.

How to Avoid Being a Clerk.

That was the first and the most important step. If any clerk is tired of being a clerk, and would prefer to be a mountebank, he can do the same. If Mr. Shaw really pities clerks—and the chances are that they have no sort of use for his pity—he might have given them his recipe. As he carelessly omitted to do so, they may as well take it from me. It doesn't matter much what subject you tackle, Mr. Clerk, so long as you shock people and make a stir. Begin, perhaps, by railing against religion. Urge parents to strangle their children at birth, and then knock out a comic death scene. Your name will be all over the place in a moment. Crowds of women will make obeisance to you, shrewd editors will print your articles; you will flourish exceedingly. You will no longer be a clerk, pitied and jeered at by the successful. But you *must* keep it up. You might let it leak out that you have been photographed in the nude, and hint that the photograph will be on exhibition. Or you may think of something cleverer than that. Probably you will, since you come to the game with an alert, fresh mind. In alluding to yourself, always speak in terms of glowing approbation. This “gets a laugh,” and is, therefore, excellent business. Actually, you must have no respect for yourself at all. And why have any? What could be more delightful than gratified vanity?

A Matrimonial Allegory.

Three men were sitting in a club. Two of them were married; the third was an onlooker. Suddenly one of the married men called the attention of his friends to the strange conduct of an old gentleman a few yards away. The old gentleman had a piece of cut glass in his hands. He was fondling it, polishing it, holding it up to the light, looking through it, weighing it. “He must be a kleptomaniac,” said the first of the married men. “He has evidently stolen the top of one of our mustard-pots, and will add it to his collection.” “I think not,” said the second. “I think you'll find he's just mad, like so many of us.” “You're both wrong,” said the unmarried man. “That old gentleman's perfectly sane, but he's married, and he's afraid of his wife. That glass thing is a salt-cellars, and the poor old fellow has been ordered by his wife to get it matched. He began by putting it into his coat-tail pocket, but is now tired of sitting on it, and has decided, therefore, to hold it in his hands until the job is done. He will probably find it

necessary to hold the thing in his hands for nearly a week. Directly he gets rid of it, there will be something else to be matched. A strong man would have smashed the other three salt-cellars.” “We don't know how you know,” said the two married men mournfully, “but you do.”

The Religion of Lamentation.

miserable. If a child smiles in church, they slap it. Why? On the last Sunday evening of the old year I went to church. The sermon, delivered with the force of conviction by a man of undoubted virtue and earnestness, warned me to remember that everything human had an end. It told me to live, not for this life, but for the next. It urged me to make my religion the first thing in my life, and my business the next. Now, I have no desire to speak flippantly on a serious matter—any fool can do that. But it did seem to me that this preacher was overdoing it. I wondered whether he would urge us to have six Sundays in a week and one day for work. Surely, if a man kept on thinking about his future state all the time he was at work, he would go mad. If he did not go mad, he would certainly do his work badly, and then he would be breaking the eighth commandment by taking money from his employer on false pretences. The sermon depressed me very much, and, when it was over, we sang “A Few More Years Shall Roll.” I may be wrong, but I have an idea that more good is done by cheering people up than by depressing them.

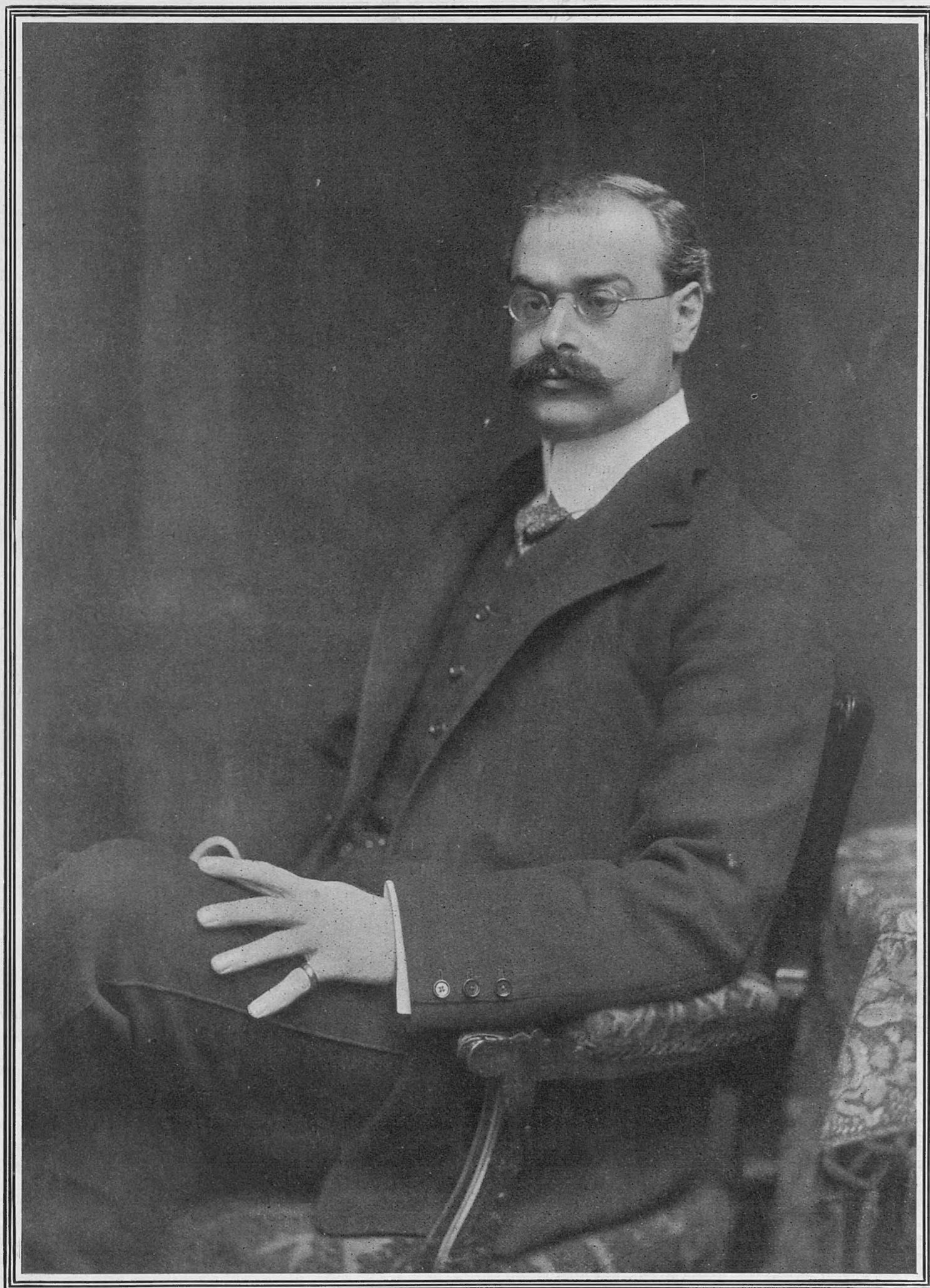
The Value of Winter.

It would be sheer affectation, under the circumstances, not to write a Note about the weather. It is very cold, friend the reader, and I assure you that I am just as conscious of it as you are. This, I hope, establishes another bond of sympathy between us. Just as a man going down with a sinking ship will speak quite nicely to his bitterest foe, so very cold weather reconciles one to all sorts and conditions of men. It is impossible to be angry with a pickpocket when his cheeks are as blue as your own and his nose as red. Suppose a man does happen to have swindled you out of some money, will that prevent the east wind from withering his bones as he staggers down the street? All differences are childish and puny when you look at them in this light, and it is, of course, the only sensible way of looking at them. Any number of people, from time to time, have tried to do me an injury; but, since they have not succeeded, why should I resent their efforts? Believe me, there's nothing like a keen January wind for blowing the nonsense out of us and making us creep a little closer together. People who run Southwards at this time of year are throwing away Nature's finest and most invigorating tonic. Every Englishman needs a winter.

To Return Thanks.

I am quite a simple, old-fashioned person, and sincerely appreciative of good wishes and kind actions. I wish to take this opportunity, therefore, of thanking all those friends, known and unknown, who have been so good as to send me greetings for Christmas and the New Year. Several of my readers have written me most charming letters, condoling with me on the loneliness of my Christmas Day as sketched, in anticipation, in “Motley Notes.” Some of them say, “Perhaps it's silly of me to write,” or words to that effect. Not a bit! I love it! As a matter of fact, though, I ought to tell you that I had an astonishingly cheery Christmas Day, ending with an adventure of a rambling, quite unexpected, and never-to-be-forgotten kind. Some day, if the Fairies prove stronger than the Fates, I shall set it all down in the hope of amusing you.

“THE THUNDERER’S” NEW CHIEF.



MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, WHO IS TO BE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE “TIMES.”

The “Times” is to be turned into a limited liability company, with Mr. C. Arthur Pearson as managing director and Mr. Arthur Walter as chairman. Its general policy and appearance will, of course, remain as they are. Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson is principal shareholder in, and managing director of the Daily Express, Ltd., the Standard Newspapers, Ltd., C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and various other newspaper companies in London and the provinces. He is also Vice-President of the Tariff Reform League.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, London.

THE ALLEGED BLACKMAILING OF A KING OF DIAMONDS.



MR. SOLOMON BARNATO JOEL, WHOM FRANZ VON VELTHEIM IS CHARGED WITH BLACKMAILING.

Franz von Veltheim, whose real name is said to be Carl Friedrich Mauritz Ludwig Kuriz, was brought before Alderman Sir H. G. Smallman at the Guildhall Police Court on Thursday of last week, and charged with sending a blackmailing letter to Mr. Solomon Barnato Joel. The case was adjourned until to-morrow (Thursday) at 1.30. Mr. "Solly" Joel was the favourite nephew of Barney Barnato, whose surname he bears. He inherited not only his uncle's name—he has also Barney's whole-hearted love of sport and genius for good-fellowship. In his new home, Chilwickbury, Sir John Blundell Maple's old domain, he has ample scope for entertaining, and fully utilises it. Moreover, he possesses there one of the finest racing establishments anywhere privately owned. He has been very successful on the turf, as he has been as a diamond merchant and South African banker and pioneer of enterprise. He has had his rough times, however. He was one of the notable Outlanders imprisoned and in peril of their lives over the Raid. Barney Barnato got him out of that fix.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE HALF - AND - HALF HAT : A MAGPIE CONFECTION !



MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN THE REMARKABLE BLACK - AND - WHITE HAT SHE WEARS IN "ANGELA,"
AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Miss Marie Tempest's dresses always prove a great attraction to the ladies of her audience, and those the famous comédienne wears in "Angela" do not provide an exception. It is in "Angela" also that Miss Tempest dons the remarkable hat illustrated. This is in halves, one half being black, and the other white. When the actress turns one way she appears to be wearing a black hat; when she turns the other, she seems to be wearing a white one.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Dover Street Studios.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Managing Director, Arthur Collins. Twice Daily at 1.30 and 7.30. THE BABES IN THE WOOD, Walter Passmore, Harry Fragson, Neil Kenyon, Lennox Pawle; Agnes Fraser, Madge Vincent, Meredith Meredro, and Marie George.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8 punctually, J. Comyns Carr's Drama,
THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD,
Founded on Charles Dickens' unfinished novel.
JOHN JASPER MR. TREE.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

GARRICK.—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, in a play, in four acts, entitled SIMPLE SIMON, by Murray Carson and Norah Keith. Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING AT 9, FRANK CURZON Presents WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD. At 8.15, THE BOATSWMAN'S MATE. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8, FRANK CURZON'S MUSICAL PRODUCTION, MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—EVERY AFTERNOON at 2 (SATURDAYS EXCEPTED), LITTLE "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND." Played entirely by Children for Children.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes. Every Evening at 8 (doors open 7.40), a new Musical Play, entitled THE GIRLS OF GOTTERBERG. MATINEE every Wednesday at 2 (doors open 1.40). Box-office open 10 to 10.

LYRIC THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis. EVENINGS at 8. LAST MATINEE TO DAY (Wed.) at 2. Last 3 performances. ROBIN HOOD.

On SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, at 8, Mr. LEWIS WALLER will produce a play in Four Acts, entitled A WHITE MAN. Box-office now open.

EMPIRE.—"THE BELLE OF THE BALL," Miss Topsy SINDEN, MR. FRED FARREN, MORRIS CRONIN TROUPE, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, &c., &c. EVERY EVENING at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

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Appointments may be made by letter or wire.

THE INSPECTION OF COURT PICTURES IS CORDIALLY INVITED.

Telephone: 1552 Gerrard. Telegraphic Address: "Portraiture," London.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MACMILLAN.	WHITAKER.
13 Mars Habitable? Alfred Russel Wallace. 2s. 6d.	Whitaker's Almanac. 2s. 6d. net.
Aphorisms and Reflections. T. H. Huxley. 2s. 6d. net.	Whitaker's Peerage.
CHATTO AND WINDUS.	COLLINS CLEAR TYPE PRESS.
Bridge Catechism. R. H. Brydges. 2s. 6d.	Comin' Thro' the Rye. Helen Mathers. 7d. net.
Elliott Stock.	A Weaver of Webs. John Oxenham. 7d. net.
Crabland and King Self. Harriet J. Scripps. 3s. 6d.	A Daughter of Heth. William Black. 7d. net.
The Minimising of Maurice. S. N. Sedgwick. 5s. net.	Sense and Sensibility. Jane Austen. 1s. net, cloth.
The Taking of Quebec. Sidney Samson. 2s. 6d. net.	Vanity Fair. Thackeray. 2s. net, leather.
JOHN MURRAY.	Last Days of Pompeii. Lord Lytton. 1s. net, leather.
The Licensed Trade. Edwin A. Pratt. 1s. net.	The Wreck of the Grosvenor. W. Clark Russell. 7d. net.
SIMPSON, MARSHALL.	PRIIVATELY PRINTED, CHISWICK PRESS.
Winter Sports Annual, 1907-8. Edited by E. Wroughton. 2s.	Mother Earth. Montague Fordham, M.A. 5s. net.
SIEGLE HILL.	PITMAN.
The Jolly Beggars. By Robert Burns. 6d. net.	The Education of To-Morrow. John Stewart Remington. 2s. net.
Robinson Crusoe Told Again. By May Byron. 6d. net.	HENRY VOLLM.
Mr. Pickwick is Sued for Breach of Promise. Dickens. 6d. net.	Two Catalogues of Photogravures, Etchings, Engravings, Water Colours, and Oil Paintings.
Pompeii as an Art City. E. V. Mayer. 1s. 6d. net.	E GRANT RICHARDS.
HEINEMANN.	Great Musicians. Ernest Oldmeadow. 3s. 6d. net.
The Explorer. W. S. Maughan. 6s.	EVERETT.
DIGBY, LONG.	Goneaway's Race, and Other Poems. Campbell Rae-Brown, author of "Kissing Cup's Race." 1s. net.
Flashes from the Orient. John Hazelhurst. 2s. 6d. net.	T. B. BROWN.
The Quest of the Crooked. H. Maxwell. 6s.	Advertisers' A B C: T. B. Brown's Standard Advertising Directory. 1908. 1s. 6d.
A. AND C. BLACK.	JOHN LONG.
Who's Who. 1os. net.	A Woman's Aye and Nay. Lucas Cleeve. 6s.
Who's Who Yearbook, 1908. 1s.	Rubina. James Blyth. 6s.
DEAN AND SONS.	Little Josephine. L. T. Meade. 6s.
Debrett's Peerage and Knightage. 31s. 6d. net.	

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT."

By Jean Richepin and Henri Cain.

Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt.

Once upon a time—but perhaps I had better explain. This is a fairy play. It is the story, with variations and Madame Sarah Bernhardt in it, of the Sleeping Beauty. Besides Madame Bernhardt and the variations, there are fourteen tableaux, four fairies, three frogs, a magpie, an owl, two goatherds, a mysterious voice, ten mermaids, a Prefect of Police, and other wild animals in "La Belle au Bois Dormant." So there is not much time to yawn, although—but that is not my business.

Once upon a time, then, fairy-tales, or *les contes bleus*, as the French call them, were in the blues. People wouldn't believe in fairies, and when the curtain rose on the prologue, the frogs and the magpie and a philosophical owl were busily deplored the good old times. It has nothing whatever to do with the subject, but I wonder whether Adam and Eve, over their evening cup of tea, used to discuss things like this too, and arrive at the conclusion that they were not what they used to be in the good old days. Anyway, the frogs were very peevish with the human race because they didn't believe in fairies. The magpie and the other bird—who was an owl, and therefore, I suppose, couldn't help it—wisely opined that there never had been any fairies, and that there were none to believe in now. Of course, they had all forgotten that these are the holidays; but the fairies hadn't, and three of them, in long hair and pleasant smiles, materialised out of a damp marsh (no, I didn't! I said damp, with a "p") and accepted the King's kind invitation to his daughter's baptism. Fairies are clever in these things, of course, but it struck me as particularly neat, because the Princess wasn't born yet, and the invitations came afterwards. When the invitation did come, Fairy Carabosse, an ugly fairy with one tooth and a hump, declared that the King's rudeness gave it her—the hump, I mean. She did this in yards of verse, accompanied by blue fire, and disappeared with wonderful activity for so elderly a person into the marsh, saying she "would be there, aha!"

When they baptised the Princess in the next tableau, Fairy Carabosse and the three pretty fairies came up through the palace floor (and I thought lifts were modern), and gave the little baby fairy gifts in the approved fashion. Carabosse's present was a promise that if the little Princess fell in love and pricked her finger before she was sixteen she would go to sleep for a hundred years. The King lost his temper then, and called out the guard. More work for the blue fireman and exit Carabosse with a chuckle and a puff of smoke. Then the King—as kings often do under stress of politics—locked his infant daughter up in an old tower and collected

a dozen-and-a-half baby Princesses (Princesses were cheap to-day) to grow up and play with her. It is just as difficult to prevent a growing girl from thinking about love as it is to prevent a donkey of any age from thinking about thistles. The dozen-and-a-half Princesses plus one talked about love and pigeons all day long, and when some workmen carelessly left a few ladders in their playground the Princess—the Princess, you understand—put her tiny tiddle-toddle-tootsicums upon the lowest rung and climbed up the ladder to see the world as the curtain dropped on the third tableau. She reached an attic during the entr'acte, and climbed in. In the attic were an old lady spinning flax, and a young poet doing the same thing with words. The old lady goes out—to get the Princess a whisky-and-soda and cucumber sandwich (I don't know many Princesses, but cucumber in sandwiches is slender and green, and I take it they like them), and while she is gone the poet tells the young lady what love is, and she pricks her finger with the spindle. Then the orchestra played dance music, the scene changed to high jinks in the palace, and as the music jumped from a gavotte tune to a sort of snore, everybody fell asleep in picturesquely uncomfortable positions. And seeing by the programme that I had a hundred years to spare before the next act, I went out to see whether I couldn't find an old lady with (or without) a spindle and a hospitable nature.

I think Madame Sarah Bernhardt knew I was in a hurry. She let me off ninety-nine years, three hundred and sixty-four days, twenty-three hours and three-quarters of entr'acte, and the curtain went up again on the Forest of Fear, which had grown up round the castle while I was having some refreshment. The poet had been killed (they acted up to the courage of their convictions with poets in those days), but he had been reincarnated somehow, and was now Prince Charming. He didn't care a — he

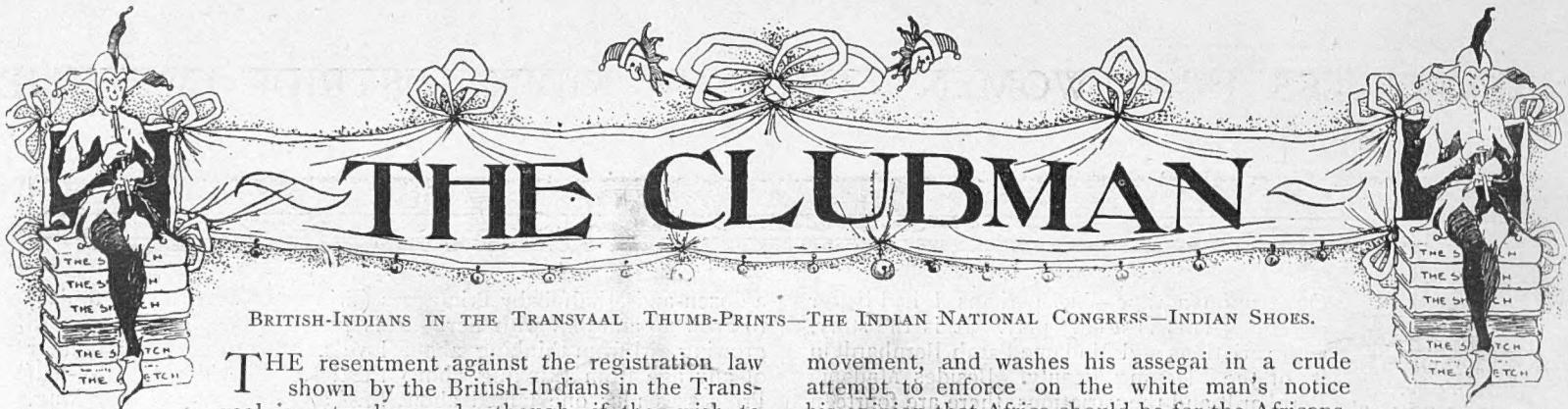
didn't care a bit for the terrors of the forest, for the dark or the enchanted voices, or for the Slough of Despond, hacked his way through the forest, played leapfrog over the mermaids' gleaming backs (pretty backs they were, too), and walked across the water to the castle. The number of wet feet in this play was enormous. When he got to the castle he blew a horn. The door couldn't stand that, and flew open. Prince Charming walked right in, struck an attitude (which did not hit back), and, like the bold young man he was, kissed the sleeping Princess upon her pretty mouth. She woke up directly, and I wondered at that, because it takes me ten minutes to wake up after a night's sleep, and after a hundred years of it, I know I should be late for breakfast. And that's all the story really.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



LA MARQUISE DE MONTESPAN AS A STAGE FIGURE: Mlle. GILDA DARHTY AS THE FAMOUS BEAUTY IN "L'AFFAIRE DES POISONS," AT THE PORTE SAINT-MARTIN.

"L'Affaire des Poisons" is by the veteran Victorien Sardou. It was said that Mr. Tree intended to have an English version of it prepared for presentation by himself at His Majesty's, but the famous actor does not "see himself" in the leading rôle—indeed, believes that it would suit no one better in this country than Sir John Hare.—[Photograph by Reutlinger.]



BRITISH-INDIANS IN THE TRANSVAAL THUMB-PRINTS—THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS—INDIAN SHOES.

THE resentment against the registration law shown by the British-Indians in the Transvaal is natural enough; though, if they wish to live in a colony, they must obey such laws as that colony chooses to pass. There is a sort of implied criminality in making a man register his thumb-print. No doubt it is more effective than a photograph pasted on the back of a card, especially in the case of coloured men, who all look much alike to the European eye; but any English motorist who takes out a license to drive in France puts his photograph on his card of permission, and feels no degradation in doing so, whereas, if he were told that he must register his thumb-print, he would most certainly, in nine cases out of ten, ask the French authorities if they expected him to turn burglar.

It is curious how some small things annoy the travelling Englishman while others do not. He is so used to the ways of custom-houses that he never protests when, having said to the douanier that he has nothing to declare, he is at once told to open his dress-suit case. He is even silent when some miscreant in uniform makes admiring remarks concerning his links and studs and pins pulled out of his dressing-case; but because it is a novelty, he resents strongly being asked, as he goes on board the mail-boat, whether he is a British subject. If we are such babies in small matters concerning our identity, we cannot be surprised if veterans of the Indian Army, men whom it is our policy in India to make much of, resent an ordinance which they consider treats them as prospective gaol-birds.

The Transvaal, though it is English, is ruled by the Boers, and the Boers have very little sympathy with any of the aspirations of coloured races. A Kaffir on a Boer farm is just as much a possession of the farmer as are his horses and cattle, and the Kaffir, well fed and well cared for, is, under these circumstances, a faithful and contented servant. It is only when the Englishman gives him a little education, and tells him that he is a man and a brother, that the dusky servitor begins to take an interest in the Ethiopian

movement, and washes his assegai in a crude attempt to enforce on the white man's notice his opinion that Africa should be for the Africans, and not for the Afrikaners. Under these circumstances, the Boer cannot be expected to be sympathetic to any brown or black man, whether he be of Asia or of Africa.

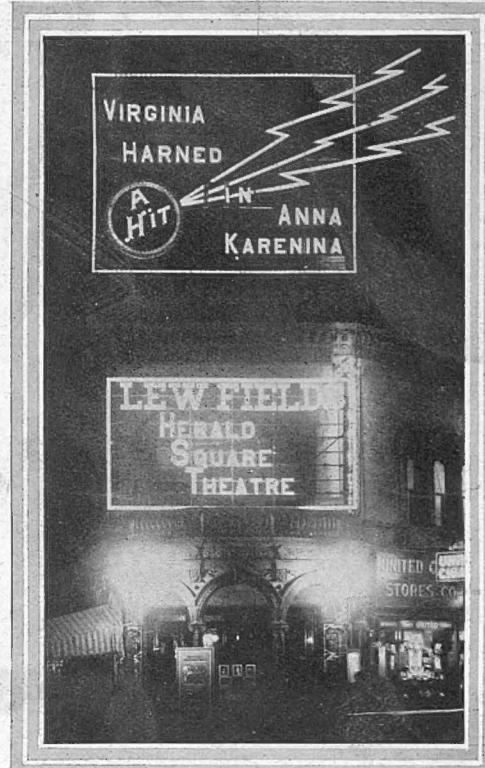
Were it not that the members of the Indian National Congress have been fully employed in breaking each other's heads with chair-legs, and in escaping screaming through the rents in the big tent which served as a meeting-house, this Transvaal-British-Indian difficulty would have served as a very handy stick with which to beat the Government of India. The throwing of a shoe at one of the Moderate party of the platform, which brought about the break-up of the Congress, was putting on him a great indignity. An Indian shoe comes off very easily, whether it be of the native pattern or the bulging things of cracked patent leather which pass muster as "Belati" shoes; and, probably because of the leather sole, for one native to strike another with a shoe is to insult him grossly.

The patent leather shoes which so many of the Babus wear, sometimes with no socks under them, solved a difficulty for some of the daring spirits of Babudom. It has always been customary for Indians entering a European's house—or the house of a native, for that matter—to slip out of their shoes and leave them at the threshold. It is a sign of intentional impudence on the part of an Indian servant to appear before his master with shoes on his feet, or with the ends of his turban-cloth flying loose, just as it is impudent of a Chinese servant to wear his pigtail coiled round his head. Some of the bright spirits amongst the Babus, knowing that an Englishman never deserts

AN IMITATION LIGHTNING-FLASH AS AN ADVERTISEMENT: A REMARKABLE ELECTRIC SIGN.
The sign is on Broadway, New York. The "lightning" is so arranged that there are frequent flashes, and that each flash strikes the circle marked "A Hit."

Photograph by the Edison Co., New York

his boots, had the happy thought that if they wore British shoes—made out of Indian leather in an Indian bazaar—they could adopt the British custom, and swagger into their employer's office with shoes on their feet. Some of the Britons looked much askance at this innovation, but the majority took no notice of the daring breach of custom.

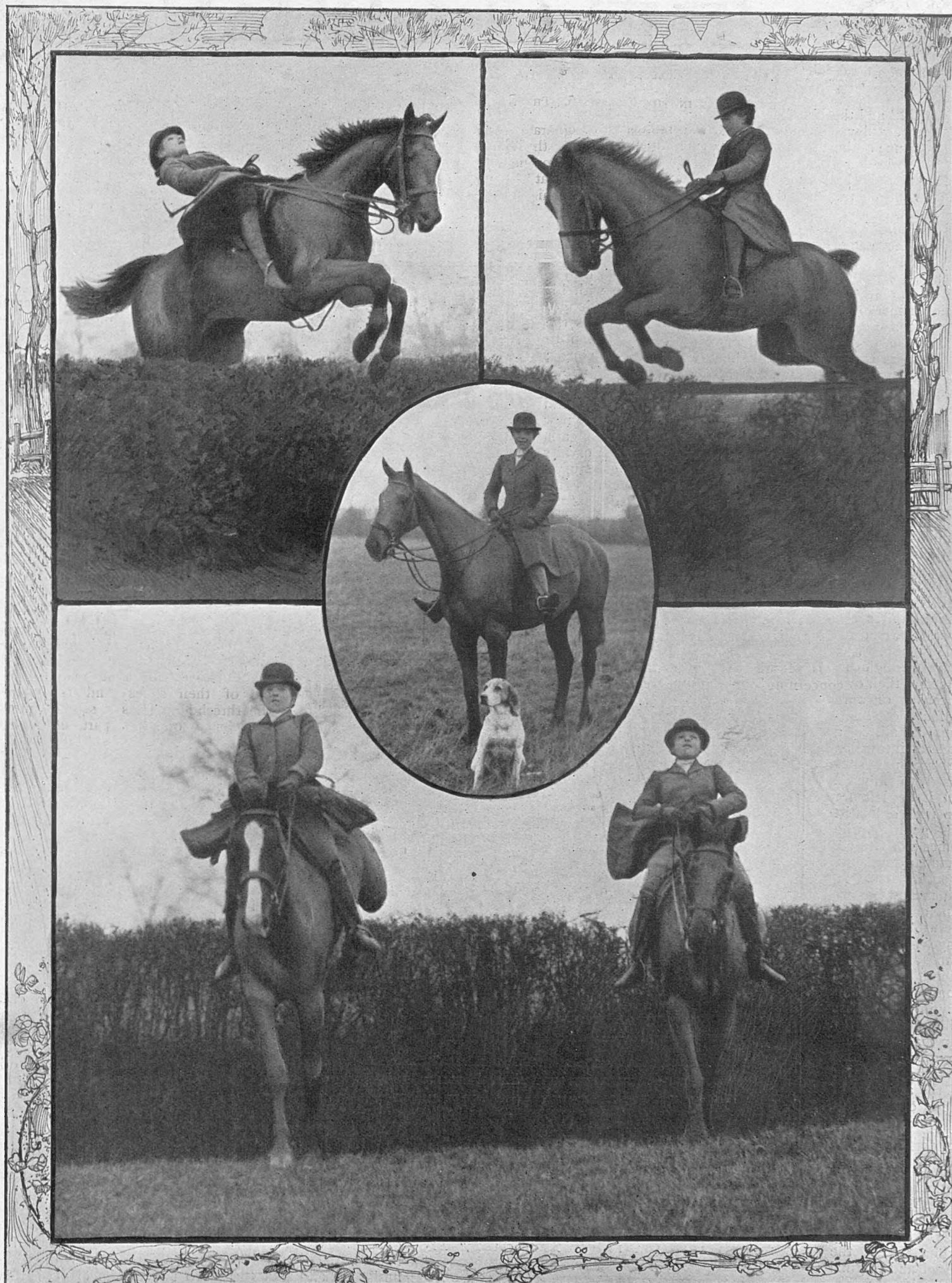


Miss Maude Terry. Mr. Bransby Williams.

"SCROOGE" AS PRINCIPAL BOY: MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS FILLS MISS LELIA ROZE'S PLACE IN "HONEYLAND," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

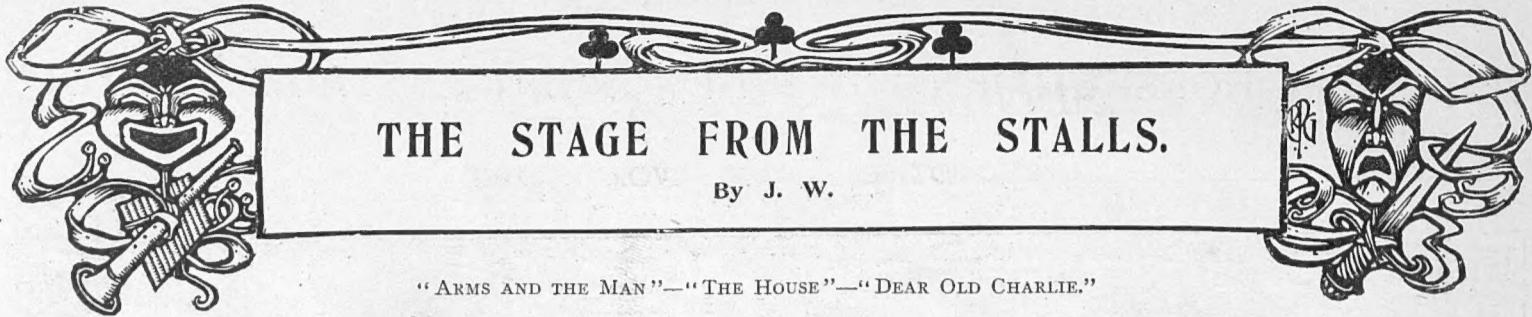
On Boxing Day, Miss Lelia Roze, the principal boy in "Honeyland," fell ill, and her place was taken in the afternoon by her understudy, Miss Clara Webber. In jest, Mr. Bransby Williams, who is playing "Scrooge" at the Hippodrome, then suggested that he would make an excellent principal boy. The management jumped at the idea, and thus it came about that Mr. Williams, clad in a costume from Mr. Lewis Waller's wardrobe, appeared in "Honeyland," and duly kissed Princess Golden Locks into wakefulness and song. Miss Roze is now well again, and is appearing at every performance.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

SKIRTLESS HORSEWOMEN: THE NEW RIDING-ASTRIDE COSTUME.



THE MISSES WILMOT TAKING SOME STIFF FENCES.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



"ARMS AND THE MAN"—"THE HOUSE"—"DEAR OLD CHARLIE."

ARMS and the Man," despite its respectable age, is practically a new play. There are a few who remember its first appearance at the Avenue Theatre some fifteen years ago, and there are many who have read it often in their volume of "Pleasant Plays," and wondered what was the peculiar defect in it which prevented managers from tumbling over one another in their haste to produce it. However, the past may be left to explain itself; "Arms and the Man" is now on view again at the Savoy, with its wit and satire showing no signs of wearing thin. It is true they seem less daring than they may have seemed. The Boer War has in the meanwhile rubbed off a good deal of the romance of war, so that Captain Bluntschli, with his business methods and his love of chocolates, is no longer regarded as a paradox. As the first step to wisdom is the recognition of our own ignorance, so the first step to genuineness is the recognition that we are all humbugs; and in "Arms and the Man" Mr. Shaw began his Socratic task along the line of least resistance. It was not hard to turn inside out the theatrical ideas of heroism, war, and romantic love. Such things as these succumbed to the new philosophy almost without a struggle. Sergius of Bulgaria might wave his sword and plunge at the head of his cavalry even into the cannon's mouth; Raina might "gaze upon him rapt in adoration"; but Bluntschli had but to come along with his frank admission that he was horribly afraid under fire, his grimly humorous contempt for heroics, and his matter-of-fact competence and sanity, to blow the whole of their romantic nonsense into the air.

In truth, Mr. Shaw gave himself an easy task, for Sergius and Raina were humbugs self-confessed almost from the beginning. How he would have dealt with humbugs who remained convinced of their own sincerity, or were in fact not humbugs at all, is a question into which we are not supposed to inquire. Let it be left for the next dramatist of genius who comes along to set romance once more upon its feet. In the meanwhile we can enjoy hugely the wit of this first stage in the argument, and pay our tribute of admiration to the brilliant way in which Miss Lillah McCarthy can make humbug forgivable and alluring. The rest of the acting is of the old Court Theatre standard, Mr. Hearn and Mr. Michael Sherbrooke being quite perfect in small though important parts; and Miss Auriol Lee really brilliant as the fervid and original Bulgarian serving-maid. Miss Rosina Filippi is a very charming Catherine, and Mr. Robert Loraine wants but

the power of leaving a more definite impression of character to make an excellent Bluntschli. Mr. Barker himself plays Sergius; but his method is far too intellectual for that simple-minded hero.

Meanwhile the Court Theatre, under Mr. Otho Stuart, is making a worthy effort to live up to the traditions of the Vedrenne-Barker days. "The House," by Mr. George Gloriel, is a small thing, but it is excellent. There are two ways of being topical. The one, the way of the melodramatist, who puts crudely on the stage some incident reported in the papers, is a tiresome way; the other way is to take up some question of present interest in the real world and illustrate it on the stage neatly, wittily, and with the good humour of a candid critic. Local Government Board inquiries seem unpromising enough as a subject: Mr. Gloriel has managed by a simple concrete instance to make them a matter for sympathy and mirth. An old gentleman has to go to the workhouse, amidst tears and lamentations for the fallen honour of a family which has never stooped to pauperism before. The atmosphere of starvation and misery, the curious little forms taken by family pride, the horror of "the House," and the sturdy independence of the honest poor are all drawn with real insight and skill; and all that was required



MISS MAY BEATTY AS DICK WHITTINGTON
IN "DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT," AT
THE TYNE THEATRE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

was that the acting should be not in such a high key. Then, when work was found and comparative prosperity returned, the old man came back, a cunning, genial, hopeless, degraded old pauper, full of little tricks for getting free rides, and of the glory of the ratepayers' palatial home—the lift, the gardens, the sumptuous dinner, the billiard-table, and all the luxuries (with additions and exaggerations) which have formed headlines in the papers for the past two years. The effect of the change was indescribably funny: partly for the reason that it was, as I have said, topical; partly because it was very cleverly done, both by the author and by Mr. Albert Chevalier, who was obviously the man beyond all others to play the part.

Mr. Charles Brookfield has carefully kept down the average merit of the week's productions by providing Mr. Hawtrey, at the Vaudeville, with another adaptation from the French. It is called "Dear Old Charlie." Possibly for that reason it was regarded as eminently suitable for the exhibition of Mr. Hawtrey's art. It certainly has little else to recommend it. Taste is hardly to be expected, and wit in these things is rare; but it has not even ingenuity. When it is stated that a young husband before his marriage was involved with the wives of two old husbands, and that these two pursue him everywhere with extravagant demonstrations of affection, enough has been suggested to give a general idea of the plot. Mr. Hawtrey secures a good deal of laughter by very simple means; but it was not for this that nature made him so brilliant a comedian. Mr. Charles Groves and Mr. Holman Clark are broadly farcical, much to the delight of their audience; and Miss Muriel Beaumont does her best to bring in a little sweetness and light.



MISS OUIDA MACDERMOTT, WHO HAS MADE A "HIT"
AS PRINCESS ARAWANHA IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE," AT
THE LYCEUM.

Miss Macdermott is meeting with very considerable success in the Lyceum pantomime, and is being specially commended for her rendering of the song "Redwing," which, it is generally acknowledged, is far above the average vocalism of pantomime. Miss Macdermott evidently owes much to heredity, for she is the daughter of G. H. Macdermott,

the once famous lion comique.—[Photograph by Clements and Co.]

AN ARCHDUCHESS WHO MAKES CANDLES;
AND OTHER ROYAL WORKWOMEN.



Quite a number of royal ladies are efficient workwomen. The Archduchess Frederick of Austria, for instance, makes scented wax-candles. The Duchess of Guise is a skilful milliner, and can also turn out excellent artificial flowers. The Duchess Philip of Würtemberg makes not only ordinary surgical bandages, but elastic stockings. Princess Hermine of Reuss has exhibited the work she does in her capacity of watchmaker on various occasions. Princess Arnulf of Bavaria makes a good deal of beautiful lace. Princess Carl of Sweden is noted for her ingenuity as toy-maker: all the golliwogs and other dolls, as well as the dolls' houses and furniture which fill the nursery of her children, the Princesses Margarethe, Martha, and Astrid, are her work.

See "The Woman-About-Town" Page.



MISS VIOLA DUDLEY WARD,
Who is to Marry the Hon. William A.
Erskine, Brother of Lord Mar and Kellie.

Photograph by Thomson.

M. and
Mme. de
Falbe.
Her
bride-
groom,
Mr. Wil-
liam
Augustus

Erskine, is a very clever diplomatist. He was attached to the Prince of Wales's suite on the occasion of the Heir Apparent's visit to Madrid for King Alfonso's marriage; and his experiences since he joined the service have included Teheran.

Balls Past—and Future.

If 1908 is to be a record débutante year then we may be sure that dancing will come once more into its own: 1907 saw comparatively few balls of outstanding splendour, though the Duchess of Westminster's two dances—both graced by royalty—kept up the great traditions of Grosvenor House. The Duchess of Norfolk also gave a ball, which was interesting from more than one point of view, for the Earl Marshal is socially the leader of Roman Catholic society, and not for many long years had so mundane a function as a dance taken place at Norfolk House. The dinner and ball given jointly by Mrs. George Keppel and Lady Colebrooke was entirely a married woman's dance, and no girl was bidden to be present. Already several dances given avowedly in honour of débutantes, daughters or nieces of the hosts, have taken place in the country, and it is said that several of London's minor palaces will be lent by their owners to certain chaperons whose own town houses are not sufficiently large to allow of a really big dance taking place therein.

Some Comings-of-Age.

This winter has seen, and is still to see, some very important comings-of-age. In Haddingtonshire, just before Christmas, the lion lay down with the lamb—in the person of Mr. Balfour and Lord Rosebery, who united in celebrating the majority of the latter's nephew, Mr. George E. Hope. The Hopes

SMALL TALK

MISS Viola Dudley Ward, who is about to marry the diplomatist brother of Lord Mar and Kellie, is the grand-daughter of Madame de Falbe, who was the intimate friend of Queen Alexandra, and the niece of Lord Esher, to whom the Sovereign has shown for so long the highest favour. As a child, Miss Dudley Ward was a great deal at Luton Hoo, the beautiful country house of

Luffness are very great folk north of the Tweed, and it was from them that Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law and biographer, chose a son-in-law, the late J. Hope-Scott. Lady Mary Hope is Lord Rosebery's elder sister, and often does the honours of Dalmeny. It is her only son who has just come of age. The ducal majority of 1908 is that of the handsome Duke of Leinster. The tragic death of both his

young,
good-
looking,
and gifted
parents
early left
him an
orphan,
but he has



THE HON. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS
ERSKINE,
Who is to Marry Miss Viola Dudley Ward.
Photograph by Thomson.



SELLING STAMPS FOR CHARITY IN AMERICA: DANISH COSTUME IN THE STREETS OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

The idea of selling special stamps in aid of charity originated in Denmark, and thus it was that those who sold stamps for a similar purpose in Wilmington recently wore Danish costume. The new stamps were not good for postage, but were marked with a greeting, and were usually stuck on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. The issue was sold to help the funds of those who are waging war against consumption.—[Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.]

the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor, has aroused some comment in the States, and is supposed to score one more to the social credit of the great Republic. Royal personages almost invariably spend the great winter festival at home and *en famille*, so the popular young hostess of Clevedon is to be doubly congratulated. The most notable of Anglo-American weddings is that of Mr. Grosvenor, Lord Ebury's heir, to Miss Padelford, whose portrait we published last week, and there are rumours of the approaching marriage of a well-known Liberal Peer to an immensely wealthy American lady, who has only lately set herself to conquer English Society.

An Anglo-Italian Betrothal.

The Countess Fabbricotti, who was perhaps the first titled lady shopkeeper actually to trade under her own name, has just become engaged to Baron Charles Aliotti, an Italian diplomatist now attached to the Italian Embassy in Paris. The Countess, who is very popular in London, will be greatly missed, both as an agreeable and accomplished woman, and also as a very clever milliner. Anglo-Italian marriages are curiously rare, but a brilliant exception is the only child of "our only Labby," who became a few years ago Marchesa di Rudini, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful women in Florentine Society.

Anglo-American Gossip.

The fact that royalty, in the person of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, spent Christmas under the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor, has aroused some comment in the States, and is supposed to score one more to the social credit of the great Republic. Royal personages almost invariably spend the great winter festival at home and *en famille*, so the popular young hostess of Clevedon is to be doubly congratulated. The most notable of Anglo-American weddings is that of Mr. Grosvenor, Lord Ebury's heir, to Miss Padelford, whose portrait we published last week, and there are rumours of the approaching marriage of a well-known Liberal Peer to an immensely wealthy American lady, who has only lately set herself to conquer English Society.



THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD: SALAUFE (VALAIS, SWITZERLAND).

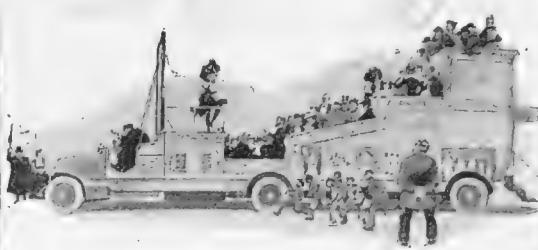
The Republic consists of the collection of huts illustrated, and the little ground on which its shepherd inhabitants keep their flocks. It is at the eastern foot of the Dent du Midi, and is governed by four representatives, elected yearly. The Republic stands alone from the government point of view, for it is not included in any of the cantons.—[Photograph by H. Hamilton and Co.]

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS MOTOR-MAD: A DREAM.

SOME THINGS WE MAY SEE IN THE FUTURE—IF WE LIVE LONG ENOUGH.



MONUMENTS AT A MOMENT'S
NOTICE: MEMORIALS MADE ON
THE ROAD AND DELIVERED
BY EXPRESS CAR.



THE THEATRE BUS—NEW FORM: A VARIETY
ENTERTAINMENT ON YOUR WAY TO THE CITY.



EVADING PAPA: A NIGHT
ELOPEMENT BY MOTOR-CAR.



FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS: WELL OVER.



PETROL PETE ON THE ROAD: "YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIVES."



LADY VIOLA GORE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE QUIETLY LAST MONTH.

Photograph by Thomson.

the more so that the King always lets it be generally known that he desires a very full attendance, not only on the part of the Peers, but also on that of the Peeresses. February is expected to be a really brilliant social month, and at the two Courts a record number of beautiful and highly born débütantes will make their first appearance in the London world.

Lady Viola Gore. Not the least notable of this winter's brides is

Lady Viola Gore, who chose to be married exceedingly quietly on the Thursday before Christmas Day. Lady Viola is the only daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and she has much of the beauty for which not only her lovely mother, but also her many aunts on her father's side were celebrated in their early youth. Lady Viola's marriage took place at the Oratory, for Mr. Reginald Gore, the youthful naval bridegroom, is a

CROWNS : CORONETS : & COURTIERS

THE first month of the year brings with it to our royal family the two saddest and most solemn of anniversaries. The King and Queen generally spend January very quietly, though his Majesty paid a shooting visit to Lord and Lady Iveagh last week, and will shortly honour Lord Burnham at the latter's delightful historic house, Hall Barn, near Beaconsfield. The State opening of Parliament will, of course, be a very splendid function,

beauty seems strangely out of place, especially its white marble walls and curiously inlaid floors. This Oriental aspect is due to its having been at one time the home in this country of Prince Duleep Singh, from whom Lord Iveagh purchased it a few years ago. The Prince practically rebuilt the place, and a small army of Eastern workmen were employed for a considerable period upon its decoration and fitting. The central feature of the house is its great hall, in



LORD COMPTON, WHO HAS JUST JOINED THE HORSE GUARDS.

Photograph by Beresford.



PRINCESSES WHO COULD EARN THEIR OWN LIVING,
THE DAUGHTERS OF DUKE FREDERICK OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN - SONDERBURG - GLUCKSBURG.

The Duke believes that every girl should be able to earn her own living in case of emergency, and he has trained his daughters accordingly. Princess Victoria Adelaide, who married the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, holds the diploma of the Royal School of Cookery in Berlin; Princess Alexandra Victoria is a skilled painter of miniatures; Princess Helena is a qualified hospital nurse; Princess Adelaida has a certificate for kindergarten teaching; and Princess Caroline Matilda is an expert typist and writer of shorthand.

great friend of Father Bowden, the head of the London Oratorians, and himself an ex-Guardsman. The Gores are noted folk in Ireland, Lady Viola's father-in-law being General Edward Arthur Gore, of Derrymore.

Elveden Hall. Elveden Hall, where the King enjoyed some shooting last week, is one of the most remarkable residences to be found in the country. Situated in the heart of Suffolk, within easy reach of Bury St. Edmunds, its Oriental

splendid Compton Wynates and Castle Ashby, but he is also the generous landlord of a considerable portion of Islington. Lord Compton, who celebrated his coming of age last year, is a pleasant, modest-mannered young man, high in favour with the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales. His only sister is young Lady Loch, who was married a few years ago, and together they helped their father to entertain the future King and Queen this late autumn at Castle Ashby.

which Eastern art runs rampant. The doors, of beaten copper, are of wonderful beauty and marvellously carved; while on every hand are to be seen evidence of the taste of its former owner. Lord Iveagh has altered little or nothing since he took over the property, and is very proud of his house. Everything connected with the estate makes for comfort. A travelling pavilion of unique design accompanies the shooting parties, so that a hot luncheon may be enjoyed almost at a moment's notice; while even the various coverts and out-beats are connected by means of a field telephone, so that the prospects of good sport at any one of them can be instantly ascertained.

A Future Marquess. Lord Compton, who has just obtained a commission in the Horse Guards, was truly born to great possessions, for not only does his father own



THE NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR, THE RIGHT HON.
WILLIAM M'EWAN.

The new Privy Councillor has been a prominent and popular figure in Society for a considerable period. At one time he was member for Edinburgh, and the Athens of the North owes to him McEwan Hall. Mr. M'Ewan is the step-father of Mrs. Ronald Greville, and recently presented her husband and herself with that fine historic property, Poledson Lacey, Surrey.

Photograph by Thomson.



"A RUSSIAN PARALLEL TO THE DRUCE CASE":
THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS MICHAÏLOVITCH.
The Grand Duke recently issued a work entitled, "The Legend of Alexander I. in Siberia." In this are to be found details of parallels to statements made during the hearing of the Druce case. For instance, Alexander I. is alleged to have led a double life and to have arranged for a bogus funeral of himself. The Duke has now made it his business to prove the story legend and nothing more.

MR. LEWIS WALLER IN HIS NEW PART.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS JIM CARSTON (CAPTAIN THE HON. JAMES WYNNEGATE) IN "A WHITE MAN."

"A White Man," known on the other side as "The Squaw Man," is due for production at the Lyric on Saturday next, the 11th. The setting of our photograph of Mr. Waller as Jim Carston is from a photograph of the American production of the piece—the Long Horn Saloon Scene.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by Foulsham and Bansfield.



AFTER DINNER

BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Cremation's Call.

The opening of the Druce vault serves as a hint to those who would hereafter lie at rest that cremation is the thing. There is no saying, otherwise, what secrets the lawyers, assisted by the first and second gravediggers of a future generation, may not bring to light. Even without such aid, we hear the unkindest things said of heroes and heroines of a past age who have been content to let their remains be committed merely to earth. There was that highly respectable British matron who, during life, sold ruddle to the ancient British warriors, who needed paint to scare the Romans; think how uncharitably they spoke of her. She died, and was buried in the cave that had been her home. With her lay the shells with which she had played primeval bridge, the bone ornaments with which she had bedecked herself. Also there was the ruddle which she had been wont to sell to the red - and - blue warriors who guarded her native heath. For centuries she lay at peace, then a pesky scientist must go nuzzling into her cavern, and reconstructing her past.

Rouged Bones.

There remained of the lady of old time nothing but bones, and these had taken on a deep red colour; they had, in fact, absorbed the ruddle. Our well-beloved Dean Buckland exhibited the bones at Oxford, and lectured on them, whereupon an irreverent fellow - professor perpetrated the following stanza—

Have ye heard of the woman so long underground;
Have ye heard of the woman whom
Buckland has found,
With her bones of empyreal hue?
Oh, fair ones of modern
days, hang down
your heads!
The antediluvians rouged
when dead,
Only granted in
lifetime to you.

Which was a quite unwarrantable aspersions on this sister of Boadicea.

Through the Roof.
The enterprise shown by the Press representatives at the opening of the Druce

grave was interesting, and effective. This, however, is one of the things which they would have conducted even more thoroughly in America. It must be the climate which does it, for the man in the American street is as aggressive as the man on the paper. Those crowds which waited so patiently outside Covent Garden to hear Tetrazzini would not so have waited in America. They did not when Patti was there. The doors and all means of entry from the ground floor were guarded securely enough, but was there a man dismayed? No. The theatre more than filled in the ordinary way, but the cry continued, "Still they come." And they did—from above. They dropped in uninvited from above, and disposed themselves literally on the knees of the gods. Certain houses overlooked the roof of the theatre, and from these planks had been pushed out, enabling the daring ones to reach the latter. They stripped off the roof of the opera-house and dropped in through the opening in hundreds.

The Queen and Barnum's.

The Ringler Brothers, having absorbed Barnum and Bailey's, are preparing to bring to London a show which shall completely dwarf the old Greatest Show on Earth. Let them be merciful; it sounds like a threat of thirteen circus rings, instead of the original three, simultaneously filled. Unless mankind can re-develop that lost third eye, it is impossible to see all this at once. And so, in effect, Queen Alexandra told Barnum when she went to see his show. The old Colossus replied that that was a complaint which he frequently heard. "In fact, your Royal Highness," he blandly continued, "my wife tells me that I ought to locate my show alongside a madhouse, for all my patrons will be driven there in time." A dainty suggestion to set before a future Queen, and remorselessly followed up: "I am assured," he said, "that anyone attending the show three times is sure to be cross-eyed." This was the then Princess's third visit.

Man's Label.

Eugénie should hear of the enthronement tomorrow of the new Bishop of Sodor and Man, she will at least be able now to identify the island in which the interesting ceremony takes place. The knowledge was not always hers; even after her reign as Empress of the French she was still unable to locate the island. It fell to Sir Evelyn Wood to enlighten her, when, calling at his club while driving with her, he received an offer of the Military Governorship of Man. She could not make out the name of the place. As the ancient kingdom of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, even as the home of Mr. Hall Caine, it seems to have possessed no significance for her. At last Sir Evelyn mentioned that it was the island in which the cats have no tails. Then she understood.

The Unconventional Hero.

One of the medical papers has been discussing that mysterious quality, the bedside manner of the successful doctor. Probably he needs fifty manners for as many patients. One man who could be

the soul of kindness to a sufferer saw a great political lady fast fading away from life. It was a case for desperate remedies. He mentioned the name of Gladstone. "Wretch!" she exclaimed, sat up, and straightway recovered. The same instinct once made Bismarck a life-saver. The friend with whom he was out on a shooting trip slipped into a bog and sank rapidly up to the waist. "Help me, help, or I must die!" cried the prisoner. "I am afraid I cannot, unless I also die, and that would be no advantage to either of us," said Bismarck. "Rather than see you suffer a lingering death I will shoot you through the head. Now, keep still, for the love of Heaven, or I may miss you!" So saying, he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took careful aim. The wretched man in the morass was so horrified at the cold-blooded preparation that he made a terrific effort, and leaped clear of his prison. "There you are, my boy," said Bismarck, "you see you could get out alone. To have attempted your rescue would have meant my committing suicide." And the freed man thanked and blessed him as his saviour.



"JEUNESSES," BY MAX BLONDAT—FOR COMPARISON WITH "A LIVING FOUNTAIN."

(SEE PAGE 10 OF SUPPLEMENT.)

GROTESQUES IN BLACK AND WHITE.



I.—THE BAITED TRAP.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERRE.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

B.G.



MR. GEORGE FAWCETT, who is to play Big Bill (his original part) in "A White Man" at the Lyric on Saturday evening, has the distinction of being practically the only actor-manager in America. Exception might be taken to this broad statement by reason of the fact that there is one actor who, at the moment, has a little theatre in New York. Mr. Fawcett, however, has been an actor-manager for many years, and his theatre is known as Albaugh's, and is situated in Baltimore. In consequence of the comparatively small population of that city the bill has to be changed frequently, and a variety of plays is consequently offered during the season. Ever since his taking over the theatre Mr. Fawcett's services have been in such demand by other managers that he has been compelled to act elsewhere than in his own theatre, and for the past three years



MISS DAISY STRATTON AS MARJORY IN "GOODY TWO SHOES," AT THE ROYAL, BRADFORD.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

he has been in New York the whole season. Before playing Big Bill, in "A White Man," he was for a year acting the part of an Irish alderman in "The Man of the Hour," one of the most notable successes of recent years. Some years ago, Mr. Fawcett played Iago to the Othello of Salvini when the great Italian actor, playing in his own language, was surrounded by an English-speaking company. It is a curious insight into the psychology of acting that on the nights when Salvini played Othello, Mr. Fawcett declares that, as the play advanced and Othello's mood became tempestuous, Salvini, in the intervals when he was off the stage, was absolutely unapproachable, while when acting "La Morte Civile," in which he played a quiet, sweet-natured man, his manner was charming, and he was easily approachable by his comrades behind the scenes.

If the would-be humourist who some little time ago played a very cruel practical-joke on Miss Dorothy Craske, the principal boy of the Lyceum pantomime, attempts to repeat his effect he will defeat his object, for, in consequence of her previous experience, no messages are taken to Miss Craske while she is in the theatre. That previous experience occurred when she was at the Empire Theatre, where she rose slowly from the ranks of the chorus

until she was entrusted with leading parts. Just as she was dressed one evening, ready to go on the stage, a message was taken to her that she was urgently needed at the telephone. She went, and was told in a grave voice, which she thought might be that of a surgeon, that her mother had had a fall, had broken both her legs, and had been taken to the hospital. Horrified, Miss Craske did not wait to ask to which hospital.

She ran to her dressing-room, changed her stage dress for her ordinary clothes, removed the make-up from her face as quickly as possible, and rushed to the nearest hospital. In answer to her inquiries she was told that no such accident had been admitted. In turn she went to every one of the leading hospitals in the West End, to be met with the same answer. Half mad

exactly the same off the stage as he does on; although it must be admitted that, at the West End at all events, actors are often engaged because they look like the part in private life. Mr. George Brooks, the Mrs. Crusoe of the Lyceum, had an amusing experience of this sort at Cheltenham on one occasion when he was playing an old man with a grey wig, beard, etc. An old gentleman wrote saying he would like

to meet the comedian, who gave him an appointment at his rooms. When the old gentleman arrived and saw a clean-shaven young man, he was as surprised as he was disappointed: he expected to see a veteran as old as himself. His object in calling was to find out what rules of life Mr. Brooks had adopted to enable him to be as nimble as he was in the play, with a view to trying them himself.

Mr. George Wilding, the author of "Memories," and Miss Alexandra Von Herder,

MISS VIOLET LORRAINE AS CRISPIN IN "GOODY TWO SHOES," AT THE GRAND, PLYMOUTH.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

the author of "The Tenth of August," both produced at the New Theatre just before Mr. Fred Terry opened there, are united in the person of Mrs. Frederick Grantham, a daughter-in-law of the well-known Judge. She is a highly accomplished woman, and holds the distinction of being the first woman who studied at both the older Universities. She was first at Girton, where she took her degree, and left to study law at Oxford, and was the first girl to take the Previous Law Examination, in which she was second out of two hundred candidates. Instead, however, of continuing her legal studies, she married. Her dramatic talent and tendency showed themselves at Girton, where she dramatised "The Princess" for performance by her fellow-students, and played the Lady Psyche. Having written the book, it need hardly be said that she was the only member of the company who required the prompter's aid. The Prince on that occasion was Miss Rose Yule, a niece of Sir Henry Yule, who played the only woman's part in "Memories." Miss Yule and Mrs. Grantham became great friends at college, and they have remained so ever since. The two plays which have been produced are but a small portion of Mrs. Grantham's literary output. Her first work was a tragedy written in German. Since then she has written entirely in English.

MISS NELL RICHARDSON AS PRINCE CHARMING, AND MISS GAY SILVANI AS CINDERELLA, IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE SHAKESPEARE, CLAPHAM.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.

with anxiety, she drove home to obtain some definite information. As soon as she went into the sitting-room she saw her mother sitting quietly by the fire, perfectly well, but amazed at the unexpected return of her daughter.

How often do people who would be supposed to know better imagine that an actor looks

ICY POLITENESS.



THE KEEPER: Four o'clock, Sir. All out, Sir.

DRAWN BY FRED HOLMES.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WHETHER or no Major Martin Hume is a better historian than Velasquez may be doubtful; his account of Philip IV., which is more or less the conventional word one, does not tally altogether with the Philip of the National Gallery. We know the monarch of the portraits to have been as stiffly serious in his youth as he was in his age, but the young Philip of the books is a man of much weakness and little dignity. It is not easy to reconcile the painter's King with the man who was easily induced into attitudes devised for him by the strong men of his Court. But we feel that the solemn, impenetrable eye has partly overlooked Major Martin Hume's manuscript. Philip on canvas makes, or at least modifies, history as surely as does Van Dyck's Charles.

The book of "Philip my king" is made extremely interesting, for Major Hume has the trick of intimacy, and he has a fondness for his monarch. It is a picture of a strange Court, where buffoons and austerity were equally honoured. Was it on account of poverty or penance that the King's food for a day would consist only of eggs? Were his spectacles and pageants (in the overseeing of one of which Velasquez caught a chill and his death), his dwarfs and his jesters, the reflection of his true character, or do we see it in the spirit that lies somewhere behind the curtain of the pallid flesh of the portraits, and in his admirable good taste in Court painters?

Robert Louis Stevenson did little evil to his fellow-men or penmen; indeed, unless it was when the pranks of "Ernest Libbel" were over-insistent, it is hard to find that he gave cause for any man to have a grudge against him. We know, indeed, that Henley, for a moment posing for more than the face of the pirate Silver, did contrive a fierce resentment. But we may attribute to Mr. David N. Mackay some little mild swearing at the brilliant excursions of the novelist into the regions of Scottish history. For granting that it was ordained that Mr. Mackay must write of the Appin murder, we admit that the existence of "Kidnapped" and "Catriona" is hard on him. Those books contain the colour of the theme; there is the lively picture of the murder; it is in those pages that one hears the ring of the shot, sees the fallen body of Glenure, the figure of the quick murderer retreating among the heather; there one feels the elaborate, tedious, and scandalous mechanism of the trial, which had become a matter of policy instead of justice, and stands as one of history's infamous parodies of law. Supposing that our history must not be translated into Stevenson's English, we are content enough with Mr. Mackay's account of the transaction in the hills and in the Courts of Assize. But we cannot make up our minds whether the trespasser is Stevenson into Mr. Mackay's territory, or whether it is Mr. Mackay who raids the empropriated Stevenson's acres—acres of fact sewn with seeds of a brilliant imagination.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, in "Listener's Lure," gives a recipe for the making of a holiday that has its *raison d'être* in the law of opposites. Good people, he says, should be bad for a month, and bad people good, to get the full benefit of the change. "Listener's Lure" is, of course, upon the table of all well-regulated country houses, and

one wonders whether a certain festive house-party lately took a hint from its inspiring pages. Did the honest young men turn to burgling as a relaxation, according to the Lucretian rule? We hear of the influence of the penny dreadful upon the hooligan, and "Listener's Lure" must offer at least as powerful an incitement to their betters. The responsibilities of authorship are becoming more and more complicated, as Lord Cholmondeley must ruefully admit. Meanwhile, there is an idea that he may change the family motto, choosing the feeling formula—"Save me from my chums!"

Mr. Alfred Noyes, like many another author, shows us by the title what is his favourite of the pieces in his own book. "Forty Singing Seamen" deserves his good opinion by its combination of stress and quantity in the metre—a combination that brings about the utmost movement or the most perfect poise of metre. Happy the language that has both these manners of measure; the privilege has hardly been sufficiently vaunted as England's own. Moreover, "Forty Singing Seamen" has a great deal of humour; and even

a poet is prouder of his humour than of anything else that is his. But if we had the naming of this new volume of lyrics, we should have wished to call it "At Dawn," after a very noble poem, rich in thought and diction. This re-naming by critics, by the way, has caused some soreness in the hearts of sensitive authors, for some reviewers do not confine themselves to the exchange of a title within the book. What these do is to



MARBONED!

MARINER (eyeing the tree): Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to build a raft!

[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]

give the review a heading which they deem smarter than the author's name for the book—a title not the author's at all. And thus the article's title seems to keep the book's somewhat in obscurity.

One of the most interesting of the literary articles of the month is a study of "Poetry and Symbolism," by Professor Churton Collins, in the *Contemporary Review*. But when we read at first hand (for Professor Collins had it from Browning himself) that the poet meant nothing allegorical by his "Hugues of Saxe Gotha," and was keenly amused at the devout gropings of readers bent upon hidden meanings, we are pleased, but not instructed, for we had not been among the gropers. As for Tennyson and the "Idylls," we knew already that all the stories had an allegoric (or more properly a parabolic) meaning: But Professor Collins has fresher things to say about "The Tempest."

The literary lounger in the stalls has never awaited the rising of so literary a drop-curtain as that of "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's. It is a sham, like most stage curtains and stage plays, as we suspect Smee of thinking when he jumps on to hard boards and makes believe that they are waves; it is a sham sampler, said to have been worked by Wendy herself. On it are worked, in the nice angular letters of needle and coloured thread, these words—"Dear Hans Christian Andersen: Dear Charles Lamb: Dear Robert Louis Stevenson: Dear Lewis Carroll." The audience likes the curtain, and recognises most of the names, I think, but it is regarded as incomplete. In bigger and more knotty letters than the rest we want to read—"Dear James Matthew Barrie." M. E.

LITTLE AND OFTEN FILLS THE DOG!

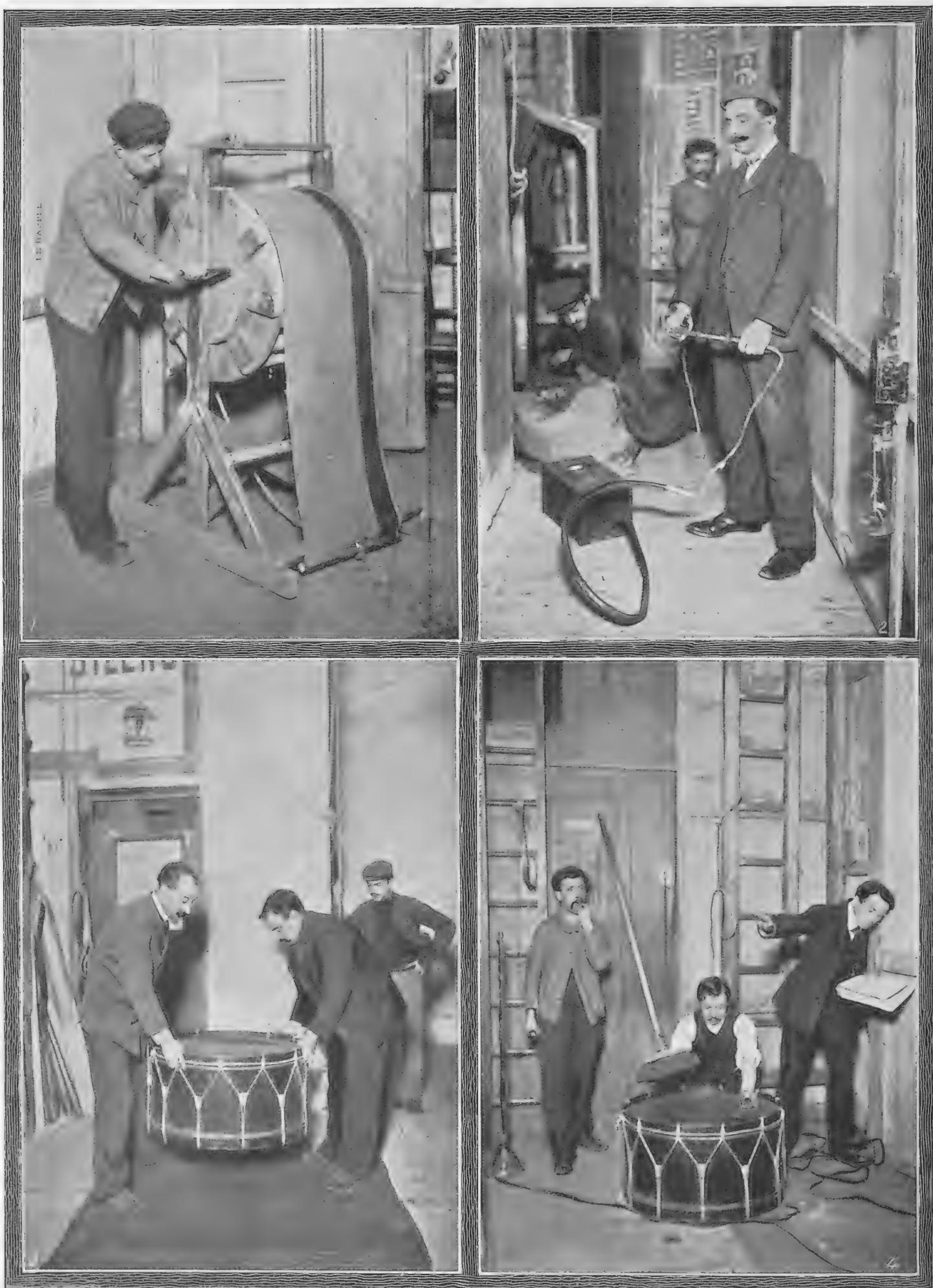


THE PROPRIETOR. (*to customer, who has thrown his dog some light refreshment from the basket on the counter*): That's a very stout dog you've got there, Mister. Don't you overfeed him?

THE CUSTOMER: Overfeed him? Why, bless yer, I only chuck him a biscuit every time I 'as a drink.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

GIVING THE SHOW AWAY:
THE SECRETS OF STAGE SOUNDS.



1. RAISING THE WIND BY REVOLVING A WHEEL AGAINST A CLOTH.
2. THE LIGHTNING-BOX—READY TO PRODUCE A FLASH.
3. IMITATING THE PATTERING OF RAIN BY ALLOWING SHOT TO FALL ON A TIGHTLY STRUNG DRUM.

4. REPRODUCING THE NOISE MADE BY A DEPARTING TRAIN BY RUBBING A BROOM AND A HAND-BRUSH ON A DRUM, WHILE A SUPER IMITATES THE ESCAPE OF STEAM BY WHISTLING ON HIS FINGERS, AT THE DIRECTION OF A THIRD PERSON.

GIVING THE SHOW AWAY:

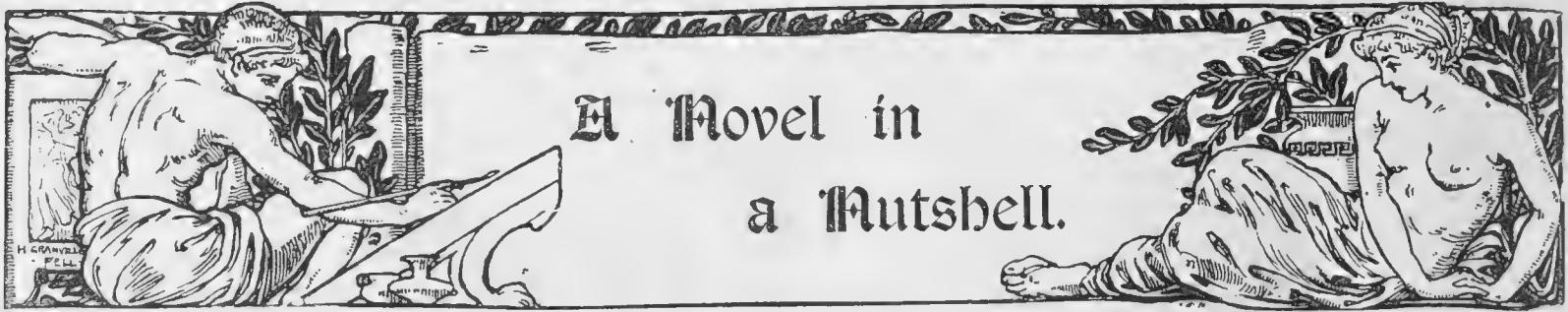
THE SECRETS OF STAGE SOUNDS.



5. PRODUCING SMOKE BY BLOWING POWDER ON TO THE STAGE FROM A FOLDED PAPER.

6. THUNDER-MAKING, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF IRON BALLS ROLLED ABOUT UNDER THE STAGE.

7. TWO SIDES OF A SCENE; BREAKING OPEN A DOOR. THE NECESSARY NOISE IS MADE BY A SUPER, WHO BREAKS A BOARD OVER HIS KNEES.



THE ICE-MEN.

BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

IT was about four in the afternoon when the mate of the steamship *Stella* sighted the raft. The wind was blowing out of the S.S.W., puffy and in squalls. The ragged edges of a black cloud hung along the southern sky; and beneath them the line of the horizon glowed opal-like with a hint of ice. For almost a week the *Stella* had had northerly gales and had been driven southward almost to the ice barrier of Victoria Land. It was scarce a place to meet a ship, much less so frail a thing as a raft; and as the mate made out the black rag of canvas, dark against the sky, the cry that rose to his lips died away again, and he stared through his binoculars in a momentary silence.

He turned and took the wheel.

"Go down and tell the Captain to come up," he said to the quartermaster. The man nodded and left the bridge. Five minutes later, Captain Jorgenson arrived and put the ship's head for the raft. And, half an hour after the ship's course had been altered, they had hauled on board the sole occupant of that desolate mass of floating spars.

In spite of his thick coat he was almost frozen. Numb and helpless he lay, his matted beard thick with the frost. They took him to a berth, they put hot plates to his feet, they poured brandy down his throat. In half an hour he had revived to some extent. But he was very weak. He rambled incessantly. And hour after hour they sat beside him and gathered his story.

It was a full hour before he spoke at all.

"God!" he cried, "that a man should suffer so and for another's sin!"

His voice was harsh and rusty. Something rattled in his throat. Captain and mate glanced at each other, but neither made a sound.

"Five we were," went on the voice, "and where are they now? Dead, four of them or—no, no, no! not that!"

His voice died off in whimperings.

Five we were (he said again). Five was the crew of the schooner *Mary Lee*, of Hobart—the schooner *Mary Lee*, that's now packed closed in the ice and is given up to them that dwell thereon. We were for the Society Islands, but I hadn't been two days at sea before I knew we were never meant to get there. No ship for those islands started found as we were—with furred coats and thick gloves and stores for twice the voyage. Southward we held for days. Then the others knew it and would have mutinied but for fear of the Captain. All for fear of Captain Pearson, they held on south and said no word.

He was a big man, the Captain; a big man with a coal-black eye and the temper of a fiend. There was days when he would speak to no man, and woe to the man who spoke to him when the black fit was on him. A blow or a kick was the least he would get, and glad to get away lest murder should follow. Captain and owner he was, and they said that it was not his first visit to the southern ice. Mate of a sailing ship he'd been, and in love with the Captain's wife that was on board with him. The ship was driven south, and when she came back the Captain wasn't with her—no, nor the Captain's wife. There were queer stories told—stories of discovery; of a man who slew his wife, and of a lover who slew the husband. But they were idle tales. No man knew the truth.

We pushed on, with the pack-ice closing round us, and the day came when the men began to murmur openly. That was the day that Tom Holt spoke up and was shot for his trouble. Tom Holt shot, and we lowered his body into the black water beside us. Little luck we had after that; for the same evening the ice closed about us—about the

four of us. We were nipped fast and lifted; and well for us that we were; for the bottom would have been crushed out of her if it hadn't been for the lift.

With the ice came the fog, and shut us in from all about us. Day after day it shut us in, and nothing but the blank wall to look at. Only from the darkness came the cracking and groaning of the ice; and other sounds too, like the cries of men who perish with the cold. Watch and watch the Captain made us keep; him and me taking the first watch and Stephens and Knowles the second. Watch and watch we kept, with the fog outside and the groaning ice and the queer thin cries that came out of the darkness.

It was in the first watch I took that I noticed the change coming over the Captain. He was like a man well pleased, smiling and rubbing his hands together.

"Tom," he says to me, "light the lamp and hang it in the foretop. Hang it high, so as they'll see it."

"They?" says I, staring at him—"they?"

He nodded at me for all the world like the nodding of a Chinese idol.

"She'll see it," he says, "and he may see it too, for all I care. Hang it high, Tom—as high as it will go."

There was that in the way he said it and in the way he looked at me that sent me to the lamp-room as fast as my legs would carry me. I lit the lamp and took it up to the foreshrouds, stiff and slippery with ice through they were. And as I hung it there, I heard those cries coming out of the fog, and it seemed to me that there was things that was watching and had seen it; and I came down faster than I had gone up.

See it they did. I had reached the deck, and was looking out towards the bows before going aft again, when the first of the ice-men came on board.

I seed him there, standing just by the fluke of the anchor—a tall man, naked, white as a ghost, only solid as a ghost has no right to be. Of ice he was made, of clear ice with the graining showing through it, standing like a statue with the fog at his back. He was looking straight at me; though the sockets of his eyes were dead white as he looked blind-like, though I knew all the time that he could see. And my heart leaped up in my throat and stifled the cry I longed to give, and I threw up my hands. And when I looked again he had gone. He wasn't there. There was nothing but the fog.

When I went aft again, I found the Captain muffled up in a big coat, making preparations for a fire in a brazier which he'd brought from the galley. The coals were beginning to go red, and we sat around it, and I told him what I had seen.

"Yes," he says, with a scowl. "A man, says you? And was he a short man with a red beard and moustache?"

"He was not," I said. "He was all of ice. And beard and moustache he had none, nor any such colour as red about him. And naked he was, like the ice he came from."

"There wasn't a woman with him, was there?" he says, after waiting a bit for me to say more.

"There was not," I says. "God! what would a woman be wanting down here?"

He made no answer. His eyes were turned down on his breast, and his chin was on his hand, and he sat there as quiet as the grave. As for me, I was looking out into the fog and along the ice-bound deck of the ship for pure fear of the thing I had seen and the terror of seeing it again. All of a sudden he looked up.

Continued overleaf

HER LUCK WAS OUT.



P. C. XII.: Name o' William Bloggs 'ere?

SOMEWHAT BATTERED LADY: Yus.

P. C. XII.: Died 's mornin' in 'ospital, results o' accident is 'e yer 'usband, Mum?

SOMEWHAT BATTERED LADY: No, wuss luck, 'e ain't.

"And so ye've seen him?" he says.

"Who?" I answered, my heart in my mouth.

"The ice-man," he says. "Did ye never know where the souls of the poor sailors who went down at sea without time to say a prayer went to? They couldn't go to heaven because of their sinful lives, and they with no time to say a prayer. And they couldn't go to hell neither," he says; "for what chance of doing better had they?—and the good God wouldn't be hard on them. And so He just lets them come down here, and they get like the ice they live on. Dead they are, long ago, and this land belongs to them; and it is to the land of the dead that I'm come to bring back one that's dead to the land of the living."

When I heard that I broke out into a sweat, for all it was so cold. It was ill sitting there in the darkness, alone with a madman. And yet I knew that if I had been alone with him I should have felt less fear. It was because I was not alone—because of those others out in the fog—that the sweat froze on me. Never a word I said for the rest of the watch, but just sat there looking forward along the deck.

A glad man I was when Stephens and Knowles came up to keep the watch. The Captain went below after telling us to keep a sharp look-out. But I sat where I was; for I wanted to tell them of what I had seen and what the Captain had said. And to go below, where I would have been alone, I was afraid.

But I hadn't opened my mouth before they came on board of us. Four or five of them there were, all naked, all beautifully made of clear ice, staring at us with their white eyes. When they moved it was without sound, and I saw that the ice in the joints of them was soft and melting like sludge ice after a thaw; but the rest of their bodies was hard and clear as glass, and as transparent, except for the graining in it. Round about us they came, holding out their hands and beckoning us to go to them. Within a yard of us they came, but no nearer; and I began to see that they were afraid of the fire, and wanted to get us out of its circle. Stephens and Knowles saw it too, and we huddled closer to the brazier, looking at them over our shoulders and without speech, for the fear that was on us.

The coals began to burn out, and as the fire got lower they crept in nearer to us. There were no coals nearer to us than the galley, and we drew lots for the man that should fetch them. The lot fell on Knowles, and he stood up with a face as white as paper.

"Good-bye, lads," he said, "in case I might not be able to get back."

With that, he stepped out of the circle, and one of the ice-men put his arms about him and held him. For two minutes he held him, and there was no sound. Then he let go his arms, and Knowles fell upon the deck, frozen stiff, not two yards from us. And with that, all the courage that was left to us went out of us, and we shouted for the Captain. Our voices rang out in the fog, and seemed to be going miles and miles away from us; and now and again an echo would come back to us from greater and greater distances. And still we shouted, for the fear of the things outside the circle of the fire.

At the noise we were making the Captain came on deck. He carried a torch in one hand and a bucket of coals in the other. And the ice-men drew back from him, and he came to us at the fire. Never a glance did he take at poor Knowles, but heaped the coals on the brazier. Then he blew out the torch, and stood up straight and turned to face them.

"Where is she?" he said.

They nodded and smiled, and stretched out their arms to him. But he would not go. Then

another joined them. He was not clean-shaven, like the rest of them, but a beard he had, like icicles on his breast, and at the sight of him Captain Pearson drew himself up and caught his breath.

"Where is she?" he said again.

And at the word there came the ice-woman. Wonderfully beautiful she was, a frozen statue, all of clear ice. And she looked at the Captain, and smiled and beckoned to him. And he, as though it had been the signal he was waiting for, stepped out of the circle and went towards her. And she and the man who was with her turned and went over the side of the ship, and the Captain followed them. We heard his footsteps growing fainter and fainter. We never saw him again, or them either; only the others were still around us, smiling and beckoning to us to come out to them.

With that Stephens got to his feet.

"For God's sake," he said, trembling, "let's get out of this. It is not good to be here."

"How?" I asked, looking at him.

"There's clear water under the stern," he said. "Stay on this ship I will not. We must build a raft."

Indeed, it seemed the only thing to be done. The boats were frozen stiff on the davits, and we could not move them. Four fires we built upon the deck, and in the midst of them we worked. We never went outside them without a torch. And always those things were outside, beckoning to us. On the second day Knowles was with them—all of ice, and naked as the day he was born; and smiling to us like the rest, with outstretched arms. On the third day we had the raft ready. A bit of a breeze sprang up from the south, cold as frozen iron, thinning the fog a bit. With the fires built round the stern, we lowered the raft into the water. Food we placed upon it, and a brazier to keep the ice-men away. Then I let myself down to it. Stephens was standing by the stern above me, holding the torch. His hand was shaking like a leaf in an autumn wind, and the torch was burning low in it, and flickering between his fingers.

"Quick!" I cried, "it's going out!" He put his foot over the rail, and with that there came a sudden gust, and the torch went out—and—

"And they got him!" exclaimed the mate, with a sudden sharp intake of his breath. His eyes met those of Captain Jorgenson, and he dropped them in confusion. The man in the bunk babble incoherently.

"What happened then?" said the Captain under his breath, bending towards the side of the bunk.

But the man made no answer. For some time his voice had been growing steadily weaker. Now it altogether failed him save for incoherent mutterings. For half an hour his companions strove to pierce the veil of mystery he had drawn about the end. It was in vain, and at length they gave it up and went on deck.

"Mad!" said Captain Jorgenson abruptly. "Quite mad! You don't believe that yarn, do you?"

"Not I," said the mate stolidly.

"Nor I," answered the Captain. They looked into each other's eyes and knew that they lied.

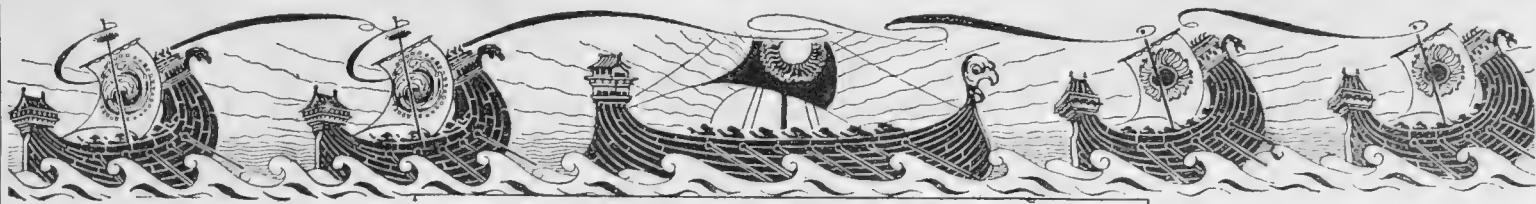
All night long the man continued to ramble, and about an hour before the breaking of the day he died. The mate reported his death to the Captain.

"Get him over the side," said Captain Jorgenson abruptly. "I'll read the service. Dead is he? Poor fellow, it's the best thing he could do. A tale like that is no sort of thing to take back to his fellow-men."

THE END.



THE IRONY OF THE BOARDS.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE Duke of Portland has been very much in the public eye lately, by reason of the celebration of his fiftieth birthday, and the Druce case, but the personal side of his character is comparatively little known. He is universally popular wherever he goes, and is recognised as one of the wittiest of living peers. A good example of his wit was supplied a few months ago when he and the Duke of Westminster entered into competition for a young unnamed horse at Sandown Park. The contest between the two was very keen, and promised to continue. At length something over five hundred pounds was bid for the animal. "I say, Portland," said the Duke of Westminster, "we shall soon be paying for the horse more than it will ever be worth; suppose we buy it between us?" The Duke of Portland agreed to this, and afterwards the two had a discussion as to what the horse should be called. "Well, as we are going to share it, why not call it 'The Loaf?'" asked the Duke of Portland, and The Loaf it was promptly named.

The New Lord and Lady Boyne. The new Lord Boyne will be a valuable addition to that group of wealthy peers who carry on the old-fashioned traditions of the Upper House, while in the new Viscountess Society hails one of the most popular and charming of its younger members. Lord Boyne, unlike most elder sons, waited just twenty-one years after he came of age before he joined the Benedicks. An enthusiastic sportsman, having been elected to the Mastership of the South Durham Hounds in succession to Sir William Eden, he has managed to keep on the best of terms, not only with members of the hunt, but with those farmers over whose land he has hunted. Lady Boyne is very pretty and accomplished; she is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Harewood, and both before and since her marriage, which took place only a little over a year ago, she has been a marked personality among the younger feminine members of the great world. Like her own father and her husband, she is an enthusiastic rider to hounds, and also one of the few great ladies who take golfing quite seriously.

A Happy Position. Those were no empty compliments exchanged the other day between Sir Eldon Gorst and the nobilities of the Soudan. No other man of his years so well knows the native population as does Sir Eldon. He was something more than Lord Cromer's most brilliant lieutenant and understudy; he was the man who went into the wilds, so to speak, and made friends of the natives dwelling there. The Khedive was enchanted at his appointment when it was known that Lord Cromer's health forbade his longer continuing in office; while the native men of mark acclaimed his coming as that not merely of a powerful and just Governor, but as a personal and loved friend. There is not a man in Greater Britain with a finer opportunity for good work than Sir Eldon Gorst. It was to him more than to any other man, as Lord Cromer has told us, that the success of the Anglo-French Treaty of three years ago was due; and the Egyptians know it, and reverence his diplomatic skill no less than they admire his strength as a great Proconsul and charm as a jolly good fellow.



PURCHASER OF THE BULL-DOG MAHOMET
FOR £1000: MISS INNES SCHAEFFER.

Miss Schaeffer has just bought the famous English bull-dog Mahomet, who has never yet been beaten in a prize show. Miss Schaeffer owns many valuable dogs, and is building at her residence at Germantown, Maryland, kennels which are to cost over £4000.

as much on her advice concerning the practical things of life as they do on that of her brother, the late Premier's clergyman son. The neighbourhood of Hatfield is much favoured by motorists, for the roads are very straight and are kept in splendid condition.



A CHARMING AMATEUR ACTRESS: LADY SUSAN YORKE.

Lady Susan Yorke is one of the best amateur actresses of her age in Society, and is particularly happy in light comedy. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Hardwicke. In addition to her gifts as an actress, Lady Susan is a capable stage-manager, and she has organised quite a number of successful performances on behalf of charities.

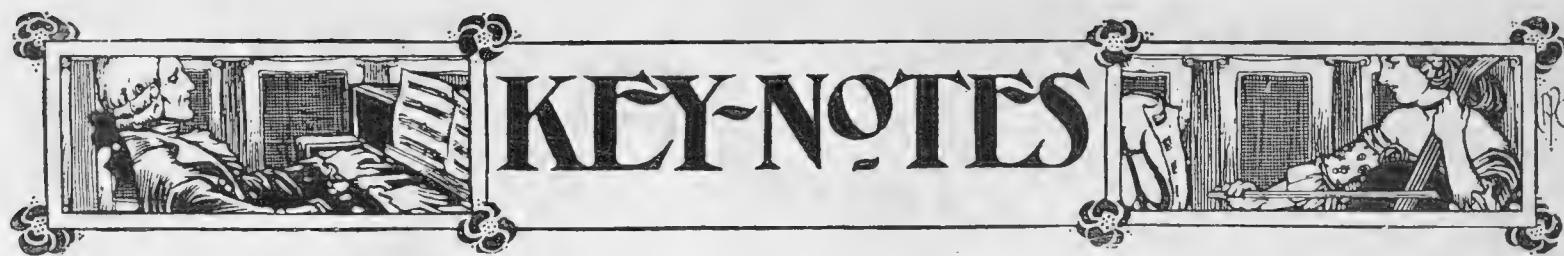
Photograph by Mrs. Shadwell Clerke



"THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE" IN REAL LIFE: MISS KARIN HYLANDER.

Miss Hylander is the first person to benefit under the will of a wealthy Swedish banker, who died about a year ago, and left £5000 "to provide annually a marriage portion for a deserving, good-looking girl of sixteen with red hair"—a bequest suggestive of the well-known Sherlock Holmes story, "The Red-Headed League."

KEY-NOTES



THE audience that assembled at the Queen's Hall on New Year's Day was of the kind that must gladden the heart of any orchestra. Its affections embraced every item in a very miscellaneous programme; all music, old or new, came alike to it, and had Mr. Wood and his hard-working orchestra been in very generous mood everything might have been given twice. To be sure, the programme held few novelties: it was made up of works that are familiar to the Queen's Hall Orchestra; but it is only fair to say that familiarity has not bred anything worse than facility. The soloist was M. Hollman, who was heard to advantage in the A minor Concerto of Saint-Saëns and the beautiful "Kol Nidrei" variations of Max Bruch. Perhaps the judicious may grieve when a really first-class orchestra devotes an afternoon to a dissertation *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*; but, if this be so, we can only remark that the judicious were not in the majority at the Queen's Hall on Jan. 1.

M. Ysaÿe will have the sympathy of all music-lovers. While playing at St. Petersburg a few days ago his reserve violin, a Strad., was stolen. When the artist left the platform for his retiring-room he discovered his loss, but at the time of writing the police have been unable to discover the thief. Violins by the famous artist of Cremona, "who stood at work patient and accurate full four-score years," are becoming very rare, and some of the finest have had strange adventures. One made for the Duke of Tuscany in 1690 was lost one hundred years afterwards, and was bought a few years later by an Irish gentleman for the modest sum of twenty-four pounds. Among the fortunate owners of fine Strads. are Lady Hallé, Sarasate, and Kubelik. We believe that M. Ysaÿe's lost treasure was made in 1730, when the maker was in the neighbourhood of his ninetieth year. Perhaps the great Belgian will find some consolation in the thought that no wrongful owner of the Strad. will ever extract from it the full measure of its beauty.

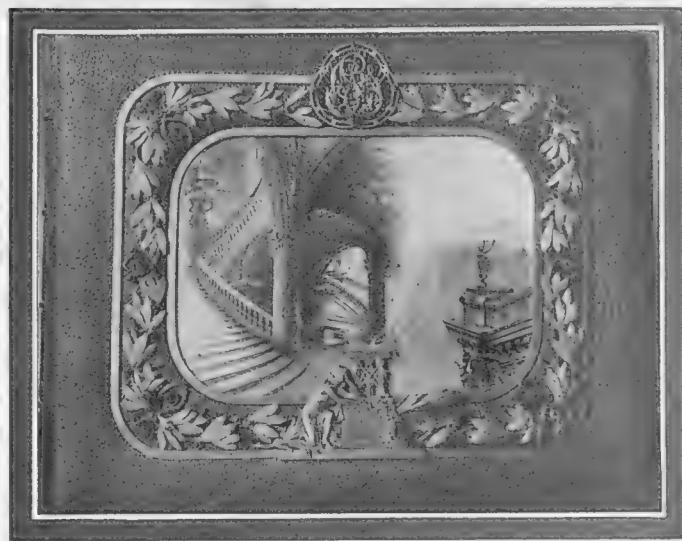
The season of opera in English given by the Carl Rosa Company at Covent Garden will close on Saturday evening next, and it may be said without hesitation that the public response has not been worthy the merit of the performances. Operas have been well selected, carefully cast, and presented with all possible attention to detail, and, if we are really lovers of opera and recognise that we cannot hope to have it with us for more than half the year, it is hard to explain why Covent Garden has not been crowded night after night. It is to be hoped that the public response has been sufficient to satisfy the promoters of the undertaking, and that the company will be heard

at Covent Garden again. Music-lovers will be grateful to those concerned for a revival of Mozart's "Figaro," an opera with sufficient melodic beauty to make the fortune of two or three modern productions. It was given in charming fashion by a company that seemed to be filled with the spirit of the composer's intention: Miss Lucile Hill, as the Countess Almaviva, and Miss Elizabeth Burgess, as Susanna, call for especial praise, and Mr. Walter Van Noorden's handling of the orchestra was dignified and skilful.

Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite attractions of Handel's "Messiah," and when the master-work was given at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society last week, the vast building seemed to be crowded in every corner. Certainly the performance justified the audience. Sir Frederick Bridge handled orchestra and chorus with fine judgment, obtaining a splendid balance of tone. The soloists—Miss Agnes Nicholls, Mme. Ada Crossley, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Lloyd Chandos—sang with vigour and feeling, and if we have heard all of them to greater advantage on other occasions, it is fair to remember that the atmospheric conditions were hardly flattering to singers, and few artists, however great, are heard at the top of their form in the Albert Hall. The tendency to force the voice must be well-nigh irresistible. But it was clear that soloists, instrumentalists, and choristers were all so intent upon doing their very best that they did not spare themselves, and it was inevitable that their enthusiasm should communicate itself to the audience. Nobody can hope to hear a more spirited performance of Handel's masterpiece.

The Society of Musicians, which held its annual conference last week at Harrogate, is to be congratulated upon the extent and variety of the ground it covered, and special attention should be paid to the paper read by Dr. Sawyer, of the Royal College of Organists, for it dealt candidly and fearlessly with questions of the first importance to British composers. Dr. Sawyer emphasised the dangers that arise from the melancholy moods of so many young composers, and their tendency to regard form as a thing of no account, and melody as an unnecessary evil. He protested, too, and in due season, against the action of certain singers in accepting fees from publishers to sing songs that they would not choose to sing if their choice were unrestricted and unrewarded. The evil is more widespread than many people imagine, and it might be hinted that certain pianists offend in similar fashion, choosing their instruments on grounds that are more nearly related to commerce than to art.

COMMON CHORD,



THE RETIREMENT OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE PARIS OPERA:
THE GEM-STUDDED ALBUM PRESENTED TO M. GAILHARD.

The end of M. Gailhard's long association with the Paris Opera came the other day, and the retiring director was presented with a volume of engravings and water-colour studies in a cover ornamented with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The cover bore also a representation of the grand staircase of the opera-house, and of the second scene of "Ariane." The donors of the gift were the subscribers of the Opera. It was rumoured that the retiring director was to bring his experience to Covent Garden, but this is denied. M. Gailhard is succeeded by MM. Messager and Brousseau.—[Photograph by Branger.]



THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE WARSAW CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC:
M. PADEREWSKI, THE FAMOUS PIANIST.

M. Paderewski was recently offered the post of Director of the Warsaw Conservatoire of Music, and last week he sent a wire from Boston accepting the offer.

Photograph by Marceau



THE RELIEF OF THE WEIGEL APPEAL DECISION : A JUDICIAL IMPASSE—A GREAT AUSTRALIAN ROAD DRIVE: THE DUNLOP-TYRED DARRACQ SCORES THREE SEVENS—LIGHTS SHOULD CLEAR OVERHANG—MOTORIZING THE BEST WINTER TRAVELLING—WANTED, A PARAFFIN HEADLIGHT.

MOTORISTS generally felt relieved when they learned that the now notorious Weigel case had been settled without the term of imprisonment originally imposed by the Hayward's Heath bench. So severe was that sentence deemed to be that the prosecution, upon the occasion of the appeal itself some three months ago, actually suggested a mitigation of the punishment to the extent of a fine of £50, suspension of the appellant's driving license for a long period, and the payment of all costs on both sides. Part of the Bench would not temper justice with so much mercy at that time, but after what was a tentative admission of guilt on the part of the appellant's counsel, by acquiescence with the proposed terms, decided to hear the appeal. In plain terms, this amounted to trying to force a man to prove himself innocent after he had pleaded guilty. Clearly an impossible position for the appellant's advocate, which most properly resulted in the adjournment of the appeal.

When the case came on for hearing again, on Tuesday, Dec. 31 last, the original position still obtained, and it was difficult for the lay mind to perceive in what manner the appeal could possibly be heard the slightest symptom of justice towards the appellant. Before coming into court the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, Mr. Justice Grantham, and his brother magistrates would appear to have recognised the impasse, for immediately upon counsel coming into court the Chairman made a statement, which resulted in the settlement of the case on the terms quoted in the foregoing paragraph. As I have already suggested, this decision came as a great relief to a large number of motorists.

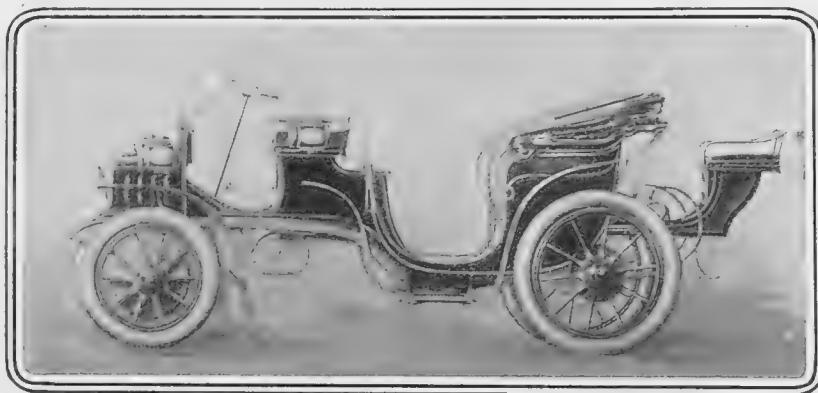
Dunlop tyres and a Darracq car have scored a record down under, which is to say Australia, or that part of the Island Continent known as Victoria, that must make for the great repute of both tyres and car at the Antipodes. Two drivers, Messrs. H. S. Stevens and H. B. James, drove a 40-h.p. Dunlop - tyred Darracq car no fewer than 777 miles in twenty-four hours over Victorian roads. This is world's record for a properly certificated road drive, but, curiously enough, the previous best was also made in the same part of the world—by Mr. S. D. Waldron, who, however, was successful in totting up 606 miles only as late as June of last year. The average speed of the present Dunlop-Darracq record was 32 miles 660 yards per hour, the fastest mile of the whole run being put on in 53 3-5 sec. The petrol-consumption averaged fourteen miles per gallon throughout. While the car ran the entire distance without trouble,

the original set of Dunlops not only went right through, but were neither pumped nor punctured during the whole of this long journey.

The dangers of night driving will in future be somewhat mitigated by the effect of the Lights on Vehicles Act, which came into universal operation on the 1st inst. As usual with a legal measure, the Act fails in many particulars, notably in the fact that it does not make it imperative that the side-lights shown by any vehicle, motor-car or not, should overhang sufficiently to ensure perfect clearance by a passing vehicle. What I mean is that with two vehicles in the dark the fact that their off-side lights clear each other should be positive assurance to the drivers that all and every part of each vehicle or its load is clear too. But that provision the Act does not insist upon, so that market-garden carts will continue to crawl along dark country roads with one dim lamp two feet and more inside their overhang.

The average man makes a great mistake when he imagines that travelling on a motor-car during such keen weather as has obtained since Christmas is at all a cold job. Given a properly designed wind-screen, such as Morgan's Cromwell screen, and good side-doors to the footboard, likewise proper motor clothing—Aquascutum for choice—to motor is to get about in quite the most comfortable and convenient manner: no waiting on bitterly cold platforms, no stewing in stuffy, or freezing in frigid, railway carriages, no cooping in closed carriages, or exposure on open dogcarts, but absolute shelter from the icy impingement of the blast and comparative warmth from the fact that a body of still air travels with the car for a considerable space behind the screen, with the usual additional pleasures of motoring—to wit, fresh air and rapid change of scene. Numbers discovered all this during the past holidays.

Taking into consideration the general messiness and trouble inseparable from the use of most acetylene lamps, it is a surprise to me that our leading lamp-makers have not made any serious attempt to produce a really satisfactory paraffin head-light. When one recalls the extraordinary brilliancy and penetration of many marine lights which depend upon paraffin burners for the production of the illuminating flame, it would seem that something good



GILDED TYRES ON AN ORNATE CAR: THE ELECTRO-MOBILE "MYLORD."

The remarkable car illustrated was recently exhibited by a German firm. It is dark blue, and is upholstered in silk of a lighter shade. Its tyres are gilded.

Among royal motorists few have gone so far in their enthusiasm as Queen Margherita of Italy, for "the Pearl of Savoy," as that most charming of dowagers is still styled by her son's people, has given up her horses and carriages, and in future will drive only in automobiles. Queen Margherita has always kept in the van of progress; as quite a young matron she astonished Italian society—which is the most conservative in the world—by her interest in everything new and strange, and it is on record that the late Emperor Frederick said of her that she was the cleverest woman he had ever known, after his own wife. The Queen's favourite motoring country is Switzerland, and she has no use for cars that cannot climb a mountain road.—[Photograph by Luca Comerio.]



Queen Margherita.

THE ONLY QUEEN WHO HAS DECIDED TO GIVE UP ALL HER HORSES IN FAVOUR OF MOTOR-CARS: QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY IN HER 40-H.P. ITALA.

Among royal motorists few have gone so far in their enthusiasm as Queen Margherita of Italy, for "the Pearl of Savoy," as that most charming of dowagers is still styled by her son's people, has given up her horses and carriages, and in future will drive only in automobiles. Queen Margherita has always kept in the van of progress; as quite a young matron she astonished Italian society—which is the most conservative in the world—by her interest in everything new and strange, and it is on record that the late Emperor Frederick said of her that she was the cleverest woman he had ever known, after his own wife. The Queen's favourite motoring country is Switzerland, and she has no use for cars that cannot climb a mountain road.—[Photograph by Luca Comerio.]

enough, if not as blinding and penetrating as the rays from an acetylene-gas flame, might be obtained from paraffin. I am aware there is a paraffin-burning head-light called the Polkey, but I have never been fortunate enough to come across it in use.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

R. Gossop

THE LINCOLN—SOFT HORSES—MR. LARNACH.

WHEN the entries for the Lincolnshire Handicap appear in print to-morrow the names of Rockbourne, Kaffir Chief, Linacre, and Lord Carton are expected to be included. There will be one or two three-year-olds, but it seems useless for an owner to seek to win the first of the big handicaps with a young 'un. Even the brilliant Sceptre found the task beyond her compass on two occasions, on one of which, however, it was bad luck, and bad luck only, that brought about her downfall. Last year, it will be remembered, Hallick had great hopes of winning with the three-year-old Fra Diavolo, who had late in the previous season shown

soil, the best of grass, etc.; but more to the point, to my mind, is that the animals lead a thoroughly natural life. I attribute the success of J. J. Maher and Hartigan largely to the fact that the horses they train are not, and most of them never have been, wrapped up in cotton-wool. Let those trainers who favour delicate methods take a hint from their brother professors, and we shall see fewer soft beasts on our racecourses.

Mr. J. W. Larnach, whose steeplechasers, Jannaway, Pummelo, Stavordale, and Misfortune have just been sold, never took a prominent part as an owner in racing under National Hunt Rules, but it is unfortunate that he should find it necessary to give it up. Nowadays the sport is attacked on all sides, and the support of men like Mr. Larnach is badly needed. The fact that the horses named cannot by any stretch of imagination be called brilliant leads one to hope that the retirement is but temporary, and that Mr. Larnach's colours will again be seen in the winter time, when something more worthy to carry them comes his way. Jannaway is a useful 'chaser, and Pummelo did well in one of two minor hurdle-races, but Stavordale and Misfortune are very moderate indeed. Whatever else he may achieve, Mr. Larnach will go down to history as the man who won the Derby with a 100 to 1 chance. The victory of Jeddah at Epsom, and the defeat of his stable companion, Dieudonné,



HORSES DRAWING MEN ON SKIS.

very good form, and improved each time he ran. He was kept on the move throughout the close season, and was so forward in condition that the spell of hard weather that came somewhat late made little difference. But bad luck dogged this attempt. The colt met with an aggravating accident the day before the race, and had to be scratched. He has yet to recover his brilliant two-year-old form. Not since 1893 has a three-year-old won the Lincoln Handicap, Wolf's Crag then having been successful. Strangely enough, one of the same age, Clarence, won in the previous year. Mares, like three-year-olds, seldom make their mark in the race; the last one to do so was Little Eva in 1901, who put an end to a long sequence of victories of animals of the opposite sex. With regard to this year's race, of those I mentioned in the opening part of this paragraph, Rockbourne has already shown a liking for the Carholme Mile track. He won the Great Tom Plate last year with 8 st. 2 lb. on his back, beating Lady Hasty, 8 st., The Bedouin, 7 st. 7 lb. (who subsequently ran well at Liverpool), Dumbarton Castle, Koorhaan, Skiograph, Mildew II., and Dalharco.

The father of boys who had made a name for themselves as jockeys, but whose prowess ended earlier than their apprenticeship, was once heard to say: "They were brought up too soft to last; their mother molly-coddled them too much." This may or may not have been true of those particular boys, but I am sure it is very true of the methods adopted by many of our trainers with regard to the horses under their charge. A horse, be it thoroughbred, half-bred, or of no particular breed at all, is not like a hot-house plant that has to be carefully tended and nurtured in an even temperature; but some of the training stables are suspiciously like hot-houses, fitted as they are with hot-water pipes and other evidences of excess of comfort. This sort of thing generally means lack of fresh air, and without an abundance of this I think a horse can never develop into a hardy customer. We hear a lot about the hardness of Irish thoroughbreds, and various reasons are given for it: limestone



A TWO-YEAR-OLD ELK DRAWING HIS MASTER ON A SLEIGH.

REMARKABLE FORMS OF PROGRESSION.

in the same race, caused a great sensation, the result, both on the course and in those places where men congregate round tape-machines, being received with blank astonishment. Mr. Larnach was born in Sydney in 1849. His father, like many more Scotsmen, had migrated to Australia as a youth, found fame and fortune, and was a millionaire before he came back to Britain. The owner of Jeddah is a very rich man, and purchased Adderbury House, near Banbury, ten years ago for £22,500. He has horses in two or three stables. Some are with Marsh, who trains for the King, and some are with Sanderson junior, who was recommended to Mr. Larnach by John Porter. Coincidentally with the retirement of Mr. Larnach comes the news that Mr. Nelke, a rich patron of flat-racing, intends running a few horses under National Hunt rules. Another newcomer is Mr. R. Cecil, who won a race the other day with the first horse he owned—namely, Knight of the Garter.

CAPTAIN COE.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Gaiety of the Railway Station. A contemporary has been pointing out the fascination of railway stations, and it is certain that they have for imaginative minds a suggestion which is irresistible. All highly civilised people are getting back to the nomad stage; never a month passes but we have a desire to strike our tents and steal away to exotic countries and strange, unfamiliar shores. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has declared that he cannot go down to a sea-port and see the delicate tracery of a ship's rigging without a *sehnsucht* to be off and sailing on blue water. And for some of us, the more modern railway train, with its imposing engine, its enticing "saloons," sleeping-cars, and restaurants, makes an even more profound appeal. Nowhere except at a railway-station do you see so much movement, *entrain*, and bustle. Hope runs high in the crisis of departure or arrival, and on those wooden platforms—especially those of the great London termini—anyone with eyes can see Empire in the making. Nor are officials of the railway lines insensible to the glamour of their calling, for you will see monstrous engines gliding in brave with flags for arriving potentates, or wreathed with festal garlands for homecoming heroes. Certainly there are few places more "amusing"—in the French sense of the word—than a great London railway-station.

The Loves of Politicians. To read that extraordinary book, "Le Cœur de Gambetta," which tells, with amazing candour, the story of the patriot's only love affair, is to realise the close resemblance of the famous Frenchman to another historical personage, Ferdinand Lassalle. Both men loved at first sight, and both proposed to the objects of their strange infatuation at a first interview. Both men were born politicians and men of action, and they carried the same *fougue* into their wooing as into their platform oratory. Both died violent deaths, Lassalle being killed in a duel, and Gambetta from the results of a revolver shot—an accident which has never been quite explained. To Gambetta his Léonie was not only a pearl and a princess, but his idol, his inspirer, his consoler. Lassalle lavished epithets of a like nature on the beautiful girl who coquetted with him so long, though, curiously enough, the handsome Jewish Socialist of the 'forties was not so single-minded in his devotion to the beloved as the fiery "saviour of his country" of the 'seventies. Possibly their Oriental and Southern blood (Gambetta's father was a Genoese) accounts for their overwhelming ardour both in love and politics. Indeed, to succeed in both affairs, enthusiasm of an intense kind is essential. Ladies in search of violent emotions (if there are any such nowadays) might do worse than keep an eye on our younger politicians with a tendency to torrents of rhetoric. It would seem as if a turbid eloquence were often the hall-mark of the Perfect Amorist.

Club Women and Hau-fraus. A spirited controversy is at present raging on the semipartial subject of the "Parlour Woman and the Club Woman." It seems to be held, by the opponents of clubs, that no woman can care for her home or her children if she is a member of an

establishment in Piccadilly or Dover Street in which she can eat her lunch when she is in town on business or shopping, or look at the magazines and newspapers. It is a grotesque supposition. The indictment about the children is, I suppose, founded on the fact that in ladies' clubs small children—

like other engaging pets—are, very properly, not admitted. As a matter of fact, I should think it is the club woman—that is to say, the hard-working spinster, and the woman-doctor, painter, writer, musician, or what not, who is most enamoured of peaceful domestic surroundings, and is most susceptible to the charm of tiny children. The "good mother"—the blameless parent of a generous quiverful—may entertain a passionate adoration of her own progeny, but this kind of woman seldom cares for other people's children, or for the race of little ones *en grand*. Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema has recently been telling American audiences that "all women should have children." This theory, however admirable, is not always practicable or even expedient, but the fact remains that all women (even the maligned member of a ladies' club) have—unless they have been made abnormal by over-civilisation and luxury—a handsome store of sentiment for the entrancing people who reign in the nursery.

Families Exchanged. An organisation exists in Germany for exchanging Teutonic children into French families and receiving small Gallic persons in return. In this way the influence of "home life" is preserved, even though the frontier be crossed, and the child learns a foreign tongue without any expense—beyond its railway fare—to the enterprising parents. It is an ingenious idea, which must surely have originated in that region of efficiency and diverse States known as the Fatherland. Moreover, it is obviously capable of being widely extended in scope. The international exchange of grown-up persons would have so many advantages that it is a wonder that the scheme has not been mooted before. Disagreeable or "difficult" relatives would be on their best behaviour in families across the Channel; while the foreigners we took to our hearths would be under an equal obligation to be polite. Who know if La Cousine Bette had been transplanted, young, to Kensington, she might not have imbibed a taste for Ruskin and lost her passion for intrigue? Or

if Maggie Tulliver's aunts and Arthur Pendennis's uncle had been plumped on to the boulevards, they might not promptly have lost their specially narrow and insular characteristics? We all know that Mrs. Rawdon Crawley took to Parisian society as a duck takes to water, and without any previous apprenticeship; but one can easily fancy what London clubs would do for such specimens of Gallic egotism as Julien Sorel and Lucien de Rubempré. After six months their own mothers would not know them.



A GRACEFUL LACE DRESS IN RASPBERRY-RED OVER SOFT SATIN
OF THE SAME SHADE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

NOT the fiercest and bitterest of winds deters the fair from bargain-hunting. One good turn this ill wind has blown the shop-proprietors: there has been no lingering outside, no moving from window to window to see where the prices are lowest. "If 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly," has been the motto for the first week of the sales. The comfort of the inside of well-warmed establishments, in contrast to wicked wind without, has been one of the great sale attractions, and once a customer has been caught it has been easy to keep her. Apparently the bargains have been of a satisfactory kind, for I hear of many who have seen them, and I yearn to go and do likewise.

The New Year is a fine, sturdy, tempestuous youngster, who has made a rough, noisy entry. Anything is better than the kind of quiet that characterised the end of last year. There was nothing to do, and nobody seemed really to regret it. The end of this month there will be a State opening of Parliament, and some stir must follow on that. There will be large semi-political parties given by hostesses on either side of the House on the eve of the opening. The King and Queen will be in town for awhile, and the first Courts are to be very early. There are well-authenticated rumours of a long royal yachting cruise early in spring, and so both pre-Easter Courts are likely to be held next month, or quite the beginning of March.

Many mothers are already arranging about the presentation of their girls. They send in applications for the first or second Court before any dates are announced, so there is some uncertainty as to when they really go. Occasionally it happens that such applications cannot be complied with, and that it is the third or fourth State reception of the season that is accorded for a débutante who wants to go to the first. There are, as a rule, a very limited number of débutantes at the first, because the two hundred presentations are so largely taken up by the diplomatic and official people.

There will be a lot of brides to attend and several ladies on accession to titles. I hear that velvet and chiffon velvet are to be the favourite material for gowns, while trains will be of brocade and of fine lace over silk or brocade. This, of course, for married women. Girls always wear light fabrics for frocks, and nothing thicker than satin for trains—often tulle and chiffon. There is a decided falling-off in the popularity of ethereal fabrics for Court trains. This is an age of economy, and these prove extravagant. Once worn at Court, the chiffon or tulle train may be made up into a dance gown, but its pristine freshness has gone and its days are numbered. A good silk or satin serves much better, and costs only a little more to start with. The tall type of girl so prevalent just now carries a satin train with a fresh young grace that is very fascinating.

As jewels have in the last decade or two become much more usual on all sorts and conditions of women, so they have come to be worn by girls in a way that their grandmothers would have considered indifferent taste. Those were the days when the beauty unadorned theory was carried to too great an extent. Nowadays our girls are turned out as carefully as young married ladies used to have the monopoly of being. No pains are spared to enhance their charms, of which they have plenty. Their young beauty is well adorned, never overweighted either by elaborate clothes or jewels. The result is girls are marrying fast at the age when they used to sit in a ball-room and watch the nicest men dance with their married sisters. There are so many ornaments that are pretty and girlish. The illustration on this page of a pendant by the Parisian Diamond Company is an example of what I mean. It is carried out entirely in diamonds, so arranged that no setting is seen, and is on a slender platinum chain. On a white, soft young neck, the fire of the stones flashes out and attracts attention to a point of beauty with no appearance of so doing. A collar or a plaque or an elaborate necklace would overdo it. Such an ornament as this, graceful, simple, and lovely, exactly does it.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found an illustration of a particularly graceful lace dress in raspberry-red over soft satin of the same shade. The hem is bordered with satin, and the fichu-like folds of lace on the bodice are finished with soft satin ribbon run through, and with little red silk tassels.

AN ARCHDUCHESS WHO MAKES CANDLES; AND OTHER ROYAL WORKWOMEN.

A GREAT deal of interest has been aroused in Germany by an article in the *Anzeiger* which declares that royal ladies of the present day are infinitely cleverer and more resourceful than were those of a generation ago. Many Princesses and other ladies of the royal houses of Europe (says the writer) would be capable of earning good incomes as skilled workers were they suddenly deprived of their titles, rank, and accompanying possessions. Princess Hermine of Reuss, for example, a sister of the reigning Prince Henry XXIV., is a skilled watchmaker who has frequently shown her work at various German exhibitions. Princess Arnulf of Bavaria, when still Princess Thérèse of Liechtenstein, was one of the staunchest patrons of charity bazaars in Vienna. The beautiful lace which she then made is still often seen in the Austrian capital, and the Kaiserin's favourite collar, a birthday present from Princess Arnulf, is a beautiful piece of work, which took the royal lace-maker three-and-a-half years to complete. The Archduchess Friedrich of Austria, who was born Princess Isabelle of Croy, has a remarkable hobby—the making of beautifully scented wax candles, which she moulds and prepares with her own fingers. Quite a storm in a teacup was recently raised in Austrian Court circles by the Princess characterising as "preposterous extravagance" a time-honoured custom observed in all Austrian palaces, that a candle which has been once extinguished may not, under any circumstances, be relighted. As the Archduchess Friedrich is greatly admired by the Emperor Francis Joseph, her pronouncement on the subject of this extravagance in candles resulted in an order going forth that the custom—at all events where the handiwork of the Archduchess was concerned—should be forthwith abandoned. Everyone knows that the Duchess of Guise (who was Princess Isabelle of Bourbon-Orleans) is a skilful milliner and maker of artificial flowers. The Duchess, who is considered one of the best-dressed women in Europe, invariably has her dresses trimmed with her own handiwork.

Princess Carl of Sweden, a daughter of King Frederick VIII. of Denmark, has since her early days been an extremely clever maker of children's toys. In the Swedish capital Princess Ingeborg's name is synonymous in this connection with skilled workmanship. Finally, the Duchess Philip of Württemberg, who is one of the most popular and generous of Germany's royal ladies, has the curious hobby of making special surgical bandages and elastic stockings and supports. More than one of her ideas has been taken up and patented by a well-known Stuttgart company.

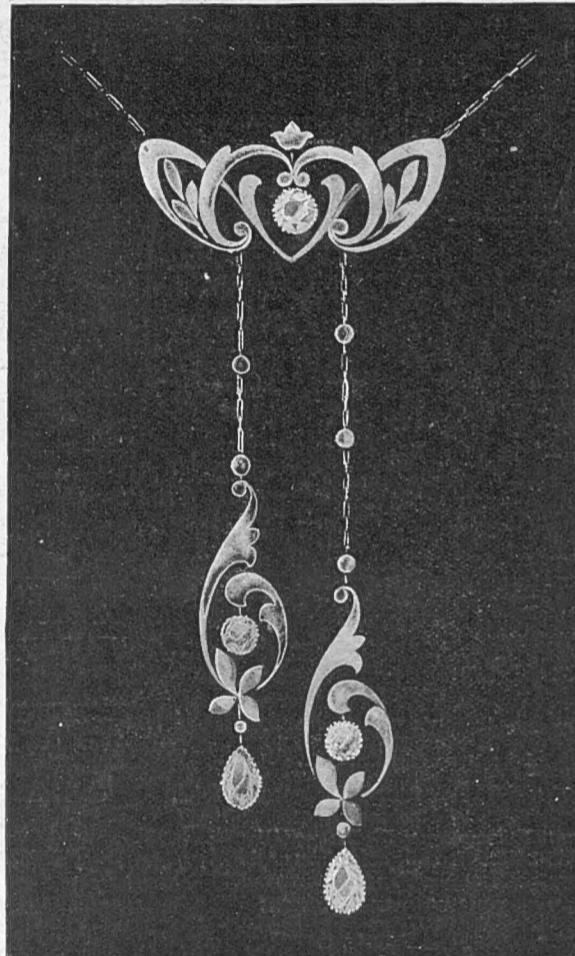
REFERENCE-BOOKS FOR 1908.

"Who's Who" is becoming larger and more and more useful year by year. There is no need nowadays to state the object or scope of the work, but it may be remarked that this year's issue is more valuable and, if that be possible, more thorough than before. It is published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, and has as its companion, "The Who's Who Year-Book," in which are contained many tables that have been crushed out of "Who's Who" itself, and also "The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book," which should certainly be in the possession of everyone who lives by pen or brush.

From 12, Warwick Lane, comes "Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage," an exceedingly useful and handy volume; and the indispensable "Whitaker's Almanack." The latter, especially, is remarkable for its completeness, and there is not a house in the kingdom that can well afford to do without it.

From Messrs. Dean and Son we have received "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage," which comprises all general information concerning those who bear hereditary or courtesy titles, privy councillors, knights, and companions of all the various orders, and the collateral branches of all the peers and baronets. The work is revised by those whose names figure in it, and it may be taken, therefore, as authoritative. To add further to its value, it is illustrated with some fifteen hundred armorial bearings.

By a slip of the pen, we stated in our last issue that "Angela" is at the Duke of York's. It is being played, of course, at the Comedy. "Peter Pan" is at the Duke of York's.



A BEAUTIFUL PENDANT BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14.

THE CHEAPEST GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

MONEY is going to be cheaper before long, according to the financial prophets, and in anticipation of desirable reductions in the Bank Rate, some of the gilt-edged stocks are rising appreciably. If it be asked where the highest yields can be obtained from securities allowed by the Trustee Act, the inquirer may be directed to the list of Preference stocks in Home Railway Companies. Many varieties of such issues are available for the English Trustee, but other Trusts must mostly steer clear of them. North Western Preference pays $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while Metropolitan Convertible Preference—still an English Trustee security—yields as much as $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Between these two can be found plenty of others from which an average return of about $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. can be obtained with safety. Railway Debenture stocks, of course, pay less: about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is the regular rate in this section, and on Colonial loans it is not difficult to get $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. When the Bank Rate falls again a further all-round appreciation in these departments would appear to be inevitable.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

Considerable attention has been given of late to the Home Railway Market, and it may be as well to take a hasty glance at the dividend prospects, especially with a view to considering in what direction speculative prospects point.

Speaking generally, there is reason to expect a bad report from the Brighton Company only, in which case the price of the Deferred stock already discounts any decrease of dividend. The Great Western Company has a traffic increase of £310,000, and a very moderate estimate of the probabilities points to a distribution which will make the annual dividend $5\frac{1}{2}$, or a small advance on last year. The North-Eastern, with its increase of £333,000, should surely be able to add $\frac{1}{2}$, or perhaps $\frac{3}{4}$, per cent. to its payment of the corresponding period of last year, especially as it has enjoyed a very favourable coal contract, which is more than some of the other roads can say. With over £3 of dividend to come off next month, the stock certainly looks cheap.

The Shrewsbury accident will make a hole in the North Western distribution, but the traffic increase is so large that even here there will probably be a small improvement. This time last year the Great Northern and the South Western Companies were handicapped by big accidents at Grantham and Salisbury respectively, and we may fairly anticipate a distribution of 2 per cent. in each case upon the Deferred stocks.

In the coming year very much depends on the price of coal, and the additional amount of expense which the Lloyd-George settlement will entail. As to the first of these two factors, it is significant and encouraging that the Gas Light and Coke Company has just seen its way to a reduction in the price of gas, which looks as if the prospects of cheaper fuel were satisfactory; but the labour outlook is not so hopeful, and we are doubtful if the trade boom of 1907 has not somewhat exhausted itself.

CANADA'S OUTLOOK.

Strenuous official efforts to impart roseate tints to all Canadian news are not particularly reassuring to those who like to have their information impartially provided, in order that they may form unbiased opinions. And, in spite of all the vigilance exercised by those responsible for such Protection as applied to news, it is impossible for the shrewd observer to overlook the fact that the Dominion is having, to put it colloquially, a rough time of it at present. The railway traffics and statements show this to be so; the steady increase in the number of unemployed in Canada demonstrates its truth; the monetary stringency imported from the United States is another factor. These are not things to be lost sight of, although we should be the last to suggest that Canada is looking back. A halt has been called. That is all. The Railway and Land Companies will perchance feel the pinch, and it is well not to be ultra-bullish about the stocks at the present time. Canadas, ex-rights and ex-dividend, will certainly look cheap, and may be run up in advance, before the deductions are made. But, on the whole, the Canadian outlook generally for the next few months seems to us sufficiently speculative to call for some degree of caution on the part of the investor.

ELECTRICAL INVESTMENTS.

As in the case of most other markets round the Stock Exchange, last year proved a sorry affair for Electricity Supply Companies' shares. Almost every price ended the twelvemonth lower than it began, one of the very few exceptions being the Ordinary shares of the Charing Cross and Strand. This lonely advance serves to draw attention to the Preference shares of the Company, which receive $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend, are cumulative, and stand at £4—a discount of £1 per share. At this price the yield is £5 12s. 6d. per cent. on the money, a rate that can only be considered good, having regard to the nature of the security. Some of the Ordinary shares in the list yield handsomely. Metropolitan Electric Supply return little short of 7 per cent., and Westminsters pay about the same. From Notting Hill shares $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is obtainable upon money invested, and $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. from Brompton and Kensington. City

of Londons pay 6 per cent., and County of London $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Therefore, allowing for the risk of L.C.C. Bill, withdrawn last year, being re-introduced at a later period, it is manifest that prices in this department already discount a fair slice of misfortune, should it come upon them in the future.

STOCK EXCHANGE DOMESTICITY.

When members of the Stock Exchange realise that wrangling amongst themselves does far more harm than good, we may possibly see another party arise whose aims will be primarily the interests of the public first, and those of the Stock Exchange after. In point of fact the two sets of interests are identical, although it may be difficult to get the average broker or jobber to admit it. There is too much attitude of hostility between the House and its clients, hostility which is fostered, my lords The Agitators, by all this foolish chatter about double commission and the like. What meaning do you suppose those unblessed words "Double Commission" carry to the sense of the ordinary country client? Why, he thinks you are trying to charge him with two brokerages, of course. Just the same with other things. The greed of certain of our friends the jobbers has become a byword with the public, who, misapprehending the mission and value of a jobber, suppose that he merely exists to fleece them. People are not eager to be swindled by the bucket-shop gang, but the Stock Exchange certainly does little enough to win the confidence of the public.

COMMONWEALTH OIL DEBENTURES.

Shareholders in the Commonwealth Oil Corporation have received the prospectus of an issue of £150,000 $5\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures, the payments being spread over the next twelve months. In addition to the interest, the allotment of Debentures will carry with it the right, at any time up to June 30, 1909, to call for the allotment at £2 per share of twenty-five Deferred Ordinary shares of £1 each for each £50 Debenture held. The present price of the Deferred shares is about £1 $\frac{1}{2}$, but they touched £3 $\frac{1}{2}$ last year, and, if the anticipations of Sir George Newnes are realised, the option may prove a very valuable one. The prospectus contains no independent valuation of the properties, and no estimate of the annual profits expected when the works are in full swing. On the other hand, it is stated that the directors and their friends have agreed to take up half of the issue, and at the recent meeting the chairman remarked that the indications of others coming in were such that the issue was practically assured. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that the money will be obtained, and it is to be hoped that, with the large sums which have been subscribed by the Preferred shareholders, it will prove sufficient to carry on the Corporation up to the time when production on a large scale commences. As Sir George Newnes remarked on the 18th ult., two great works were necessitated for the realisation of the great wealth of the Corporation—namely—the construction of the railway, which has been completed, and the building of the retorts and refineries to produce the oil. The building of the retorts, etc., is estimated to take eighteen months, so that not until June next year will the necessary preliminary works have been completed. Fortunately there are subsidiary sources of income which will not make it necessary for the shareholders to wait so long for the payment of a dividend. The Corporation has already made contracts for the sale of export shale and coke, from which satisfactory profits are expected. I may quote a few lines from the Chairman's recent speech as to the immediate prospects—"We confidently anticipate being able to commence to declare dividends on the trading to the end of next June. We consider that a dividend of 6 per cent. on both classes of shares for the half-year ending June 30 next is practically assured. We consider it more than probable that the dividend of 6 per cent. on both classes of shares for the entire year ending at that time will be available. If the hopes we entertain as to our contracts are fully realised, it is possible an even larger dividend may then accrue. Of this latter, the consummation devoutly to be wished, I speak with some reserve; of the second, with every hope; of the first, with practical certainty."

As I said above, the present price of the Deferred shares is about £1 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Preferred are $\frac{1}{16}$ premium. The latter are somewhat safer, but at present prices there is little to choose between them. As a lock-up investment, both have great prospective value.

Saturday, Jan. 4, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. W. F. M.—The address you want is 6, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.
QUEBEC.—Yes, we think so.

H. E. A.—(1) Yes. (2) The price of tin is the crux of the question. The mine is excellent.

CAPITAL.—See answer to "Mimi" in last week's issue. We can add nothing to it.

E. E. A.—The following might suit you. (1) City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds. (2) Cuba Gold Bonds. (3) River Plate Gas Company shares. (4) Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Deferred stock. Spread your £1000 over these securities, and you will get over £50 a year with more than reasonable certainty.

SNIPS.—See this week's notes on Home Rails.

S. A.—We will deal with the Company you ask about in a note on Argentine Land Companies next week.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Plumpton and Windsor should provide some interesting racing this week. The following may win—Plumpton (first day): Southover 'Chase, Jackanapes; Hurstpierpoint Hurdle, The Whelp; Brookside 'Chase, Carsey; Street Hurdle, Knight Commander; Novices' Hurdle, Golden June; Barcombe 'Chase, Savanaka. Second day: Worthing 'Chase, Orpington; Selling Hurdle, Busbridge; New Year 'Chase, The Bey; Plumpton Hurdle, Otto; Bostel Hurdle, Happy Evening; Ringmer 'Chase, Brigand. Windsor (first day): Eton Hurdle, Golden Mischief; Mill Hurdle, The Drudge; Datchet 'Chase, Killester; Park 'Chase, Flaxfield; Island Hurdle, Jack. Second day: Castle 'Chase, Canary II.; Five Years' 'Chase, Time Test; Englefield Hurdle, Stagestruck; Club 'Chase, Wacouta; Maiden Hurdle, Macora.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Quicksands," By J. A. Steuart. (*Hodder and Stoughton*).—"The Ivory God," By J. S. Fletcher, (*John Murray*).—"The Wine of Life," By Maude Annesley, (*John Lane*).

"**Q**UICKSANDS" is dedicated to the memory of one who was "co-founder, and successively hon. secretary, chairman of executive, and president of the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association." Had it been of less heroic size, had it been adorned with a more fearsome, more Scriptural title, had it borne upon its cover a woodcut of indifferent value as a work of art, it would have been handed to all who looked wicked enough not to want it by well-meaning, elderly ladies of slipper-making propensities. In other words, it is a tract. It deals with an obvious evil, but, like so many of its kind, it deals with it in manner that is somewhat irritating. The child who figures in it is particularly annoying. Were she a stage child she would wear "spotless white," ringletted hair, an infantile smile, and grubby hands, and she would give voice to such sentiments as, "And shall I be an ingel, Madame Vine?" As it is, she is a half-sister of the little girl who when she was good was very, very good—and when she is good she is horrid. For the rest, it must be said, in fairness to the author, that the story is likely to appeal successfully to a certain section of the public, that section that takes a part of its religion in weekly pennworths, and revels in a novel with a "churchy" flavour. Its plot is comparatively simple. Lady Stapleton is busy holding forth in Lumley Beacon Vicarage on "The Crime of Drunkenness." She has reached one of her purplest purple patches, when the vicar's wife lurches through the door—

Mrs. Herrick, swaying by the handle, grinned upon the assembly. . . . "Sho shorry for being late," said Mrs. Herrick thickly, grinning yet more amiably. "Sho very shorry."

Herrick runs to her, and helps her to her room. The next day she disappears, leaving a note to say that she has gone away to bear her shame alone. Her husband is distraught, and begins a frantic search for her. "She is either at the bottom of a pond or a river, or she is hidden in London," says the experienced superintendent of police, and it is in London, in the slums, that the vicar and his daughter, the good, horrid little girl, find her after many days. Then all is well with the world, and Herrick and his wife return to Lumley Beacon. Mr. Steuart is very much in earnest, but he holds out hope for the sinner—as a preacher should.

Lady Stapleton, the renowned and fashionable Lady Stapleton, called at the Vicarage, stayed nearly two hours, and was seen by at least a score of trustworthy witnesses taking a most affectionate leave of Mrs. Herrick. All must be well since Fashion thus signifies its approval.

The volume that bears the title "The Ivory God" does not call for lengthy comment. It contains a collection of short stories in Mr. J. S. Fletcher's familiar style, and that is sufficient to recommend it to a host of those who know their monthly magazines. Let it be said, however, that the author contrives to be pleasantly versatile: he could apply to his work a large percentage of those divisions and sub-divisions of "comedy," "tragedy," and "farce" that are beloved of the modern titler of plays.

Fortunately for a nerve-racked age, "The Wine of Life" that runs through the veins of Lady Branton is a vintage of exceeding rarity. Otherwise existence would be intolerable: we should all die young in very truth, but unbeloved of the gods. It is an Anglo-Hungarian brand, by the way, and it flies to the heart and the head. Lady Branton is first intoxicated by it when a dunder-headed jury divorce her from her husband. She is innocent, and she is angry, but her rage is against the injustice of the verdict rather than against the charge that made that verdict possible. She has paid the price—for nothing—

"I am a woman made for love, love, love, and I've not had it. . . . I want to feel, and I've never felt, and now, now I've paid the price; paid the uttermost from the world's point of view for a man whose lips never touched mine, who has never made my heart beat faster."

All take it for granted that she will marry Waddy Brett, the correspondent, but she refuses him and goes to Paris. There she falls in love, but dare not trust that love. So she goes to Hungary, and there, like another Trilby, she comes under the influence of a Svengali, Dézso Kertész, who hypnotises her by his personality, and makes violent love to her. She engages herself to him, and writes to Paris, to be off with the old love. Dézso asks her to show him the letter she receives in return, but she refuses, and in a fit of ungovernable temper he strikes her to the ground, and half kills her. When she recovers she goes home again to England and Waddy Brett. Then, when all is about to end happily, the author, in an ecstasy of modernism, kills her hero—

From the bushes on his left a face white with passion was staring at him. He saw the gleam of something metallic . . . the metallic something was lifted, and a short, sharp sound broke the stillness and frightened the birds to silence. Waddy took two steps forward, then he wheeled round towards Uli and tell at her feet.

"The Wine of Life" should be read, if only for its study of Uli Branton, a strange tangle of nerves, a maze of emotions in which many wander.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," AND ITS SOLUTIONS.

EVER since "the master hand of the greatest of English novelists faltered and dropped the pen, never to write with it again," after completing barely twenty-three chapters of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," speculation has been rife as to how Dickens intended to clear up that mystery. More than that, however, as everyone knows, various people have striven to "pluck the heart out of the Mystery" in spite of Mortimer Collins, who declared that in his opinion any man who "should dare to continue the noble work of a great and well-beloved writer ought to arouse indignation in every member of the Republic of Letters."

Did John Jasper really murder his nephew Edwin Drood as the result of the overwhelming and hopeless passion he entertained for Rosa Bud, to whom Edwin was engaged? That is the question everyone has asked and everyone would like answered, because of the light it would throw on the situation. Ever since the provincial production of Mr. Comyns Carr's dramatisation of the novel the public has been aware that the theory he advances is that John Jasper did not even attempt the murder, but went through it while in a trance, brought on by opium, and then thought he had actually done it; while Edwin Drood, having overheard his ravings, escaped. Mr. Comyns Carr himself has stated to an interviewer that he was "quite sure that no solution which involves the actual murder—to be discovered in whatsoever way whatever—could supply a story worthy of Dickens's phrase 'new and incomparable.'" That, it will be remembered, was the phrase Dickens used in a letter to Forster, in which he said: "I have a very curious and new idea for my new story. Not a communicable idea, or the interest of the book would be gone, but a very strong one, though difficult to work." In continuing the matter, Forster wrote, "The story, I learnt immediately afterwards, was to be that of the murder of a nephew by his uncle, the originality of which was to consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close, when his temptations were to be dwelt upon as if not he, the culprit, but some other man were the tempted. The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell to which his wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told of another, had brought him. Discovery by the murderer of the utter needlessness of the murder for its object was to follow hard upon commission of the deed; but all discovery of the murderer was to be baffled till towards the close, when, by means of a gold ring which had resisted the corrosive effects of the lime into which he had thrown the body, not only the person murdered was to be identified, but the locality of the crime and the man who committed it. So much was told to me before any of the book was written; and it will be recollected that the ring, taken by Drood to be given to his betrothed only if their engagement went on, was brought away with him at their last interview. Rosa was to marry Tartar; and Crisparkle the sister of Landless, who was himself, I think, to have perished in assisting Tartar finally to unmask and seize the murderer."

Some little time after Dickens's death, a sequel appeared anonymously in America under the title of "John Jasper's Secret," and it was subsequently reprinted in England in a twopenny weekly journal, the *Chimney Corner*. "John Jasper's Secret" is stated to have been the work of several people, and in it Edwin Drood survives to the end and marries Miss Landless, whom Dickens evidently intended for the Minor Canon, Mr. Crisparkle, as stated above. Rosa marries Tartar, and John Jasper dies in an opium fit, while Landless, instead of being killed, becomes a clergyman.

Some twenty years ago the late Richard A. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, wrote a long article in which he put forward the theory that Jasper partially strangled Edwin Drood, and put him into a vault with some quicklime, which Durdles told him would destroy everything but metal. From this situation Edwin was subsequently rescued by Durdles.

A couple of years ago Mr. Andrew Lang published a volume on the subject in which he evolved a theory that Jasper attempted the murder, but bungled it, that Edwin escaped and returned under the disguise of Datchery the spy. In this latter respect Mr. Lang follows Mortimer Collins, who based his opinion on the designs on the original cover in which the parts appeared. Other people have believed Datchery to be Grewgious's surly old clerk, Bazzard; while at least one other writer has suggested that he "might be some second edition of Inspector Bucket—with a difference." Even more striking on this subject is the suggestion that Helena Landless was disguised as Datchery. This is the theory of Mr. J. Cuming Walters, who brought out a book at about the same time as Mr. Andrew Lang. In his belief Jasper did actually murder Edwin, and it was Helena disguised as Datchery who exposed his guilt.

The whole subject, however, is merely speculation, for, as the publishers announced in the last instalment of the novel, "the only notes in reference to the story that have since been found concern that portion of it exclusively which is treated in the earlier numbers. Beyond the clues therein afforded to its conduct or its catastrophe nothing whatever remains." In spite of that, however, a medium some thirty years ago published a continuation of the story under the title, "Rifts in the Veil," which he alleged he had been inspired to write by the spirit of Dickens himself!